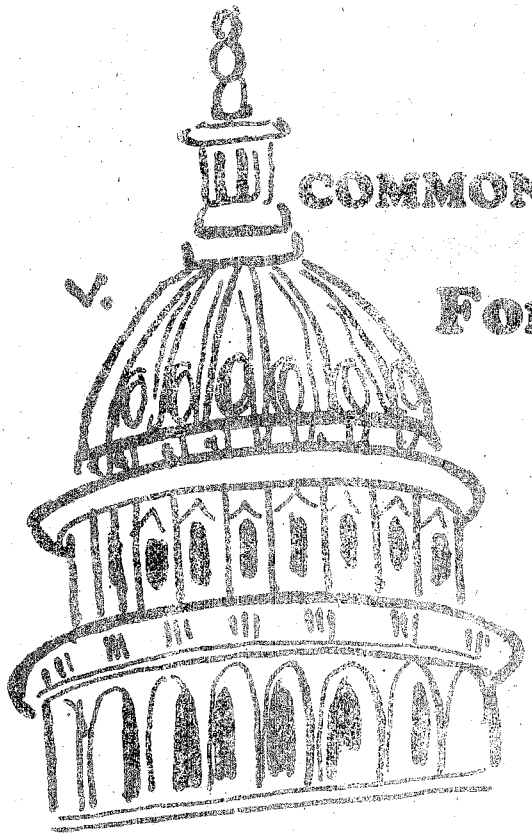
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BRANDO-NICHOLSON BOUT ROBERT HATCH

THE NATION

MAY 29, 1976 50 cents



COMMON SENSE FOR THE DEMOCRATS

Foreign Policy Won't Wait
NORMAN BIRNBAUM

A Platform To Stand On
LEONARD WOODCOCK

A BILL TO BUG ALIENS CHRISTOPHER H. PYLE

BURMA: THE LONG SLEEP DAVID J. FINKELSTEIN

Judith Rossner—Daughters and Lovers
Edward M. Potoker

8-77
The Sherrod Library
Periodicals Dept.
E.Tennessee St. Univ
Johnson City, Tn. 37601
AG
MAY 24 1977

EDITORIALS

Still Several Horse Races

The good news, from our point of view, is that Morris Udall did so well in Michigan. The bad news in the May 18th primaries there and in Maryland is that, in both parties, so much of the debate in this Presidential season remains at a low, irrelevant and demagogic level.

Carter should have done better in Michigan. He had powerful support from labor and the black leadership and he spent an adequate amount of time there. It could be that, in the industrial state with the highest unemployment rate voters were seeking more concrete answers than Carter is giving, and that they found Udall's relatively detailed proposals for the economy more appealing. It would also seem that the Wallace vote stayed home, hurting Carter, and Reagan by not crossing over.

Carter virtually kissed off Maryland (but, because there were no Brown slates, he got most of the delegates, which is what is important to him). He left the beauty contest vote to the increasingly incredible Jerry Brown. That worthy, California's contribution to the art of mod politics, proceeded to mystify the voters sufficiently to win the candidate preference vote with his curiously repellent mixture of machine politics and meditation. Brown said after his triumph that he had won because this country has a right to know where it is heading and how far it can go. But he never says *where* or *how far*, since that would be insufficiently mystical. In any case, his record in sixteen months as Governor of California shows that he hasn't the faintest idea. He leaves the specifics to the voters, counting on them to fill in the spaces à la McLuhan, but in a Zennish mode. A footnote to the Brown performance in Maryland is that his main machine backer, Governor Mandel, goes on trial in federal court next month for Agnewish crookery—"enriching friends through state contracts," as *The New York Times* delicately put it.

In the shrinking Republican world, Ford managed to carry his own state by playing President and hometown boy at the same time. His victory's luster is slightly dimmed by the lazy campaign Reagan ran. GOP leaders are now harking back to their 1952 convention when outsider Eisenhower beat party stalwart Taft. They mean that it will be a horse race in a smoke-filled room, as against a first-ballot win for either entry. The analogy is wildly far-fetched, for where is the bland "hero" and where the respectable 19th-century conservative this time around the well-worn track?

For the GOP there may be a startling irony around the bend—that Nelson Rockefeller, hated by Reagan's extreme Right faction of his party and discarded as excess baggage by Ford, may be the one to decide which of the two runners gets to make the big race. Rockefeller is assembling uncommitted delegates in the Northeast, based on his Republican Party in New York (which he long ago bought and paid for), and if he can get his hands on 200 or 300 of them, which seems possible, he can take his pick. For those who dare to peer into the future of Republican policy we suggest that they read kingmaker Rockefeller's hair-raisingly belligerent speech in Frankfurt on May 15, full of chilling fulminations against Soviet "imperialism."

As a final note in this generally depressing tale, candidate Ford continues, as President, to sit on federal election funds, thus assuring an imbalance in his favor in his own race and outrageously skewing the whole political process in both parties. Onward and downward.

Summer Madness

It is unthinkable that this country's military defense should be taken out of civilian control. But civilian control means political control. Political control means that defense policy becomes a counter in the game of Presidential politics. The politics of defense policy has seldom in our history been more irrational than it is this year.

Having made that logical progression, the question is: what can be done to restore some sense and order into the United States' way of organizing its defense? The answer, at least for the short term, is nothing. A period of sanity may follow the installation of a new President, but until then this nation, and therefore most of the world, will have to live with a wildly unreasonable and threatening American "debate" over military policy.

Consider some of the evidence for these assertions.

¶ Ronald Reagan, the leading number oner now that Nixon is gone, is flying around the country suggesting to voters that a fractionally less bellicose President Ford is scared of both the Russians and the Congress, and so we are growing pitiful and helpless, no longer a giant, short of ships, planes, missiles, tanks and men.

¶ In reaction to this kind of talk, Ford asks Congress for a billion or so more for the Navy (though the legislature had already added unwanted and unneeded items to his defense budget and made the smallest overall cut in that budget in a decade). He has pushed ahead with the B-1 "deep-penetration" bomber against the most solid evidence of its futility in the age of missiles.

¶ Defense Secretary Rumsfeld fails to come to the aid of his President in the numbers game. He can't, very well, since he feels he must tell Congress why we need more and more of this and that military hardware.

¶ That outrageous old nuclear Navy wheedler, Adm. Hyman G. Rickover, 76 and still on active service (mainly with Congress), persuades the House Armed Services Committee to add $2 billion more to the nuclear shipbuilding program against the specific opposition of his hierarchical "superiors." It is a direct challenge to the Ford administration, one Rickover can get away with in an election year. It is also an extreme example of Congressional barons being befuddled by the glamour of nuclear propulsion and its crusty old advocate.

¶ On a slightly different tack, the retired Vice Adm. George P. Steele writes a long article in *The Washington Post* (May 16) to contend that the Russians have outsmarted us with their various fleets, making our lumbering aircraft carriers sitting ducks everywhere, and that the only answer is many more nuclear submarines (Tridents cost about a billion dollars apiece).

¶ Military manpower costs are shown to be on a run-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

away escalator. The Defense Manpower Commission reports that we were paying $22 billion more for 400,000 fewer men than we had under arms ten years earlier. Worse than that, pay alone will take 57 per cent of the $100 billion budgeted for the fiscal year that starts October 1 of this year. So much for the all-volunteer force which libertarians of the Right and Left backed because it would end the draft's "involuntary servitude," but which was really just a way to spare the middle class the burden of soldiering.

¶ The shipbuilding gap, whose depth Reagan is always plumbing, is shown by a number of studies to be chimerical (remember the equally unreal missile gap of Kennedy's 1960 campaign?). A Library of Congress report indicates that the big Russian push to become a naval power is about over, that the number of Soviet vessels launched is dropping, and that in the past seven years this country has outbuilt the Russians in numbers (by 12 per cent) and in tonnage (by 71 per cent). Reagan's claim that the USSR has built four times as many ships as the United States since 1962 (based on a plea to Congress by Rumsfeld!) is as statistically sound as his claim that the Interstate Commerce Commission makes thousands of rate-setting decisions per hour.

¶ Finally, and most depressing, Congressmen report that public support for spending on the military has risen strongly (while the popularity of domestic spending is in sharp decline). An April Gallup poll showed support for defense spending at its highest point in seven years. Good-by to the heralded post-Vietnam "defense dividend." The repute of the federal government has fallen to such a point that the people it governs now believe that all it can do for the country is "defend" it.

But the defense which a political system in such turmoil will contrive will obviously not be a good one. It will be based on false premises about the nature of the possible threats to this country and the ways to prepare ourselves against them. It will be unsound in general and in every particular. All we can hope for is that the commitments undertaken in this period of distressing irrationality will not be of long term and that there can be a return to some kind of sanity once the Presidential season has passed.

The Russian Vote

The headline might have read "Carter Staff Discusses Campaign Strategy with Russians/Reds Oppose Jackson, See Détente Weakened by Reagan." Instead, the demure head on *The New York Times* story (May 13) read, "Aides Say Carter Is Courted by Russians." The fictional first version would have created an enormous flap. What, the Russians interfering in American politics? The real headline portrays the Carter staffers in cool command of the situation, leaking the news that the Kremlin's Americanologists are hanging around the candidate whom even they regard as the front runner, hoping for tidbits to report back to Moscow and for credit in having recognized a winner (they started nibbling in October).

So a situation which at another time, or handled with less aplomb, could have been a major scandal of foreign (and *Communist*, at that) interference in American

IN THIS ISSUE

May 29, 1976

EDITORIALS

642

ARTICLES

645 A Bill to Bug Aliens — *Christopher H. Pyle*

648 Burma: The Long Sleep — *David J. Finkelstein*

COMMON SENSE FOR THE DEMOCRATS

652 Letter on Foreign Policy — *Norman Birnbaum*

657 A Platform To Stand On — *Leonard Woodcock*

658 "Habitat" at Vancouver: U.N. Conference on the Built World — *Jane Holtz Kay*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

661 Judith Rossner: Daughters and Lovers — *Edward M. Potoker*

664 Smith: A New Age Now Begins; Hawke: Honorable Treason; Shaw: The Character of John Adams — *Ormond Seavey*

666 Reid: The Lives of Roger Casement — *Jeffrey Meyers*

666 How We Are Lived (poem) — *Martin Broekhuysen*

668 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

668 The Time-Travelers (poem) — *Harry Brown*

669 Painter (poem) — *Aleksis Rannit*

670 Films — *Robert Hatch*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
BLAIR CLARK

Associate Publisher
LINDA EDER STORROW

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
EMILE CAPOUYA

Western Representative
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture, JANE HOLTZ KAY; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN; Latin America, PENNY LERNOUX; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Jerusalem, HERBERT KROSNEY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD.

The Nation is published weekly (except for first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1976 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $17.50; two years, $30. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 222
No. 21

[illegible] Library
[illegible] STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Presidential politics is passed off as a routine exercise in diplomatic intelligence. It had no effect on the campaign except to put a higher polish on the sharpness and prominence of Jimmy Carter.

In an interesting sidelight on Soviet-American relations this election year, the Russians, according to the Carter staffers, said they were utterly opposed to the candidacy of Senator Jackson, that implacable foe of détente and all things Muscovite. In the old days a vote of no confidence by the hellish Reds would have been a boost for almost any campaign. It would have been seen as a kind of negative endorsement. But in this era even that twist failed to have any effect and the Jackson "movement" lies quite moribund, as it was before.

It must be said that the Russians have their nerve making such an approach to an American Presidential candidate. It would have been unthinkable in the days of Roosevelt, Truman or Eisenhower, and even later. Cries against "unconscionable meddling" would have risen to the skies, and the red-baiting pack would have been off and running. But the Russians have developed a pretty shrewd appreciation of the American system. They knew they could get away with such a bold *démarche* in the present state of disarray of the American body politic.

After all, this is not the first time they have acted, or failed to act, in order to influence the outcome of an American election. As the *Times* story points out, it is widely believed that the Kremlin held onto Francis Gary Powers, the U-2 spy-plane pilot they shot down, in order to help the campaign of John F. Kennedy in 1960, and that in 1968 they helped to push the North Vietnamese to the conference table to spite Richard Nixon, the man who was to become their partner in "détente." (Unless the CIA has a member of the Soviet Politburo on its payroll, which has not yet been revealed, we have no such easy ways to affect the outcome of the political maneuverings behind the Kremlin's high walls.)

Relations with Moscow influence American campaign politics in other ways, of course. We have just had the spectacle of President Ford abruptly postponing the signing of the underground nuclear explosions agreement for clearly partisan reasons. The Russians were all set to do the signing with ruffles and flourishes. But then the White House suddenly decided that the President needed to study the text a bit more, and we were told that he wanted to execute the agreement "in a more relaxed atmosphere." Translated, that meant that Gerald Ford could not relax enough to grip the pen without shaking until the crucial Michigan primary was out of the way—not while Ronald Reagan was shouting to the rafters that "détente" was "a one-way street," with all the traffic going East.

The comedy of all this is evident. The serious aspect, as Norman Birnbaum makes clear in an article in this issue, is that American foreign policy is so frozen into rigid and often absurd postures that it is hard to imagine how the gaggle of Establishment foreign policy "experts" from the Democratic past could possibly make sense of it, given their heavy burden of past mistakes. Jimmy Carter might well get as much enlightenment from the Kremlin agents buzzing around his camp as from the likes of the holdovers from the Kennedy-Johnson era. There must be a new beginning, as someone once said. That means new faces, and new minds at work.

One Small Step for Indians

A tiny but praiseworthy step on the extremely long road toward redress of crimes committed against Native Americans was taken recently when Senator Kennedy introduced S. 3298, the Central Arizona Indian Tribal Water Rights Settlement Act. If the Act is passed over resistance from predictable quarters, including Senator Goldwater, it would help restore to five tribes the prosperity they enjoyed before white settlers began stealing water that ever since has been allotted to the Indians in theory but denied them in fact.

Water literally makes the difference between feast and famine in the parched but potentially fertile lands of central Arizona. The Indians of the Ak Chin, Fort McDowell, Gila River, Salt River and Papago reservations once thrived because of irrigation systems that in some cases dated back 2,000 years. But then white farmers happened along and began diverting water upstream of the tribal lands. Immediately, the Indians' farms reverted to desert. No one denies that the 30,000 members of the five tribes are entitled, under treaties confirmed by Supreme Court decisions, to more water than they now receive—about enough to irrigate 1 acre per person. But after almost 100 years of struggle the Indians have won little more than a depressingly familiar sequence of broken promises, and have steadily descended into the poverty and despair common to reservations across the country.

S. 3298 suggests a final, rational and equitable solution to the five tribes' water problem. It proposes that the federal government purchase, over ten years and at fair market value, the 151 white-owned farms of the Wellton-Mohawk project, which are irrigated by federally owned water from the Colorado River. The Wellton-Mohawk farms would be taken out of production, and the water diverted to the five reservations, where it would irrigate approximately 170,000 acres.

There is more than one good reason to support this approach. The Wellton-Mohawk farms lie atop a salt dome, so that irrigation water seeping back into the Colorado pollutes the river. In response to complaints from Mexican farmers downstream, Congress in 1974 authorized construction of a huge desalting plant on the Colorado that is expected to cost $1 billion to build and to operate over twenty years. The price of Kennedy's plan is set at only $250 million—and if the tribes prosper as expected, the taxpayers would also be saved some of the annual $60 million in welfare payments the Indians now require.

S. 3298 was greeted with outraged squawks from Arizona newspapers, and on April 26 Senator Goldwater chided Kennedy for sticking his Massachusetts nose into problems that ". . . Arizonans and their Indians have long ago solved. . . ." Kennedy's own reply seems appropriate: "This argument is reminiscent of the one which used to be heard here to the effect that the cavalry solved the Indian problem 100 years ago at Wounded Knee."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A BILL TO BUG ALIENS

CHRISTOPHER H. PYLE

At a White House meeting on March 23, President Ford, Attorney General Levi and Senator Kennedy unveiled a bipartisan bill (S. 3197) to govern electronic surveillance for national security purposes. To the White House press corps, more interested in politics than substance, the proposal seemed splendid—the historic first fruit of a year of wrenching disclosures and fractious debate over the proper role of intelligence agencies in a free society. If passed, the bill would require the government to obtain judicial warrants before installing wiretaps and bugs to monitor suspected foreign agents.

Unfortunately, the Levi-Kennedy bill is not splendid at all. It is regressive legislation which comes perilously close to perpetrating a fraud upon the Constitution, the courts and the public. To understand why, it is helpful to recall some basic principles, including the Fourth Amendment:

> The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the person or things to be seized.

According to the Supreme Court, electronic surveillance constitutes a "search" within the meaning of the Amendment and interception of electronic communications is a "seizure." As a general rule, warrants to conduct such searches can be issued only by judges, who must decide whether the proposed invasion of privacy is "reasonable." Traditionally, this has meant that the government must persuade the judge that there is probable cause to believe that the information sought relates to a *crime*; warrants for the clandestine collection of general information for political purposes have never, until now, been sought or granted.

To carry out their constitutional function of providing a potential check against overreaching investigators, judges are expected to render an independent and informed judgment based on the totality of the circumstances. They must be told why the government believes that a crime has been, or is about to be, committed; why the proposed search may produce evidence of that crime; where the government proposes to search, and what it expects to seize. Unless the judge knows these facts, and can examine the inferences which the investigators have drawn from them, he cannot carry out his duty.

In their attempt to clarify and expand the government's authority to gather intelligence, the bill's sponsors would undermine these principles in three fundamental ways. First, they would create a new breed of "funny warrants" in which the need for the monitoring would be decided by the government's spy chiefs, and not by federal judges. Second, the bill would deny Fourth Amendment rights to foreign visitors, even though they have done nothing to violate our laws or threaten our security. And third, it would expose citizens, resident aliens and foreign visitors alike to the possibility of criminal prosecution or political harassment as the result of searches undertaken without the slightest reason to believe that a crime has been, or is about to be, committed.

Perhaps the most shocking aspect of the bill is its corruption of Fourth Amendment standards. On its face, S. 3197 appears to require a judicial finding of "probable cause," but upon closer reading it makes a mockery of that duty. No crime need be alleged; the surveillance would be for intelligence purposes only. Courts would be permitted to decide whether there is probable cause to believe that the target of the proposed surveillance is a foreign agent or foreign power, and that the facilities or place to be monitored are, or are about to be, used by a foreign power. But, the crucial decision of whether the interception was really needed for legitimate intelligence or counterintelligence purposes would be left to the President's Assistant for National Security Affairs or other national security executives like the Secretary of Defense, the Secretary of State, the Director of Central Intelligence or the Attorney General.

Under a novel certification procedure, the nation's spy chiefs (or their designees) would simply declare that the proposed tap or bug was needed—to protect the country against attack, assure the security or defense of the nation, promote the conduct of foreign affairs, or counter the intelligence activities of foreign nations. Judges would not be allowed to question that judgment. In short, the bill would create a "funny warrant" delegating an essential element of the judiciary's power to the unreviewable discretion of the men who have succeeded John Mitchell, Richard Kleindienst and Richard Helms. Judges would be reduced to bestowing empty blessings on the unchecked exercise of Executive will.

In addition, the bill appears to be grounded on the extraordinary idea that nonresident aliens are not "people" within the meaning of the Fourth Amendment. Reviving a theory used by Attorney General Palmer to justify his infamous "Red Raids" of 1919 and 1920, Attorney General Levi told Senator Church's Select Committee on Intelligence Activities last December that the only "people" protected by the Constitution from unreasonable searches and seizures are: "We, the people" who, in the words of the Preamble, "do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

These people, Levi insisted, included only citizens and resident aliens. How resident aliens, who cannot vote, can be regarded as "ordainers" under the Preamble and therefore "people" under the Fourth Amendment, he did not say. Nor did the Attorney General explain why foreign visitors are now considered "persons" entitled to due process and equal protection under the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, if they are not also "people" entitled to be free from unreasonable searches and seizures under the Fourth. Ignoring these obvious anomalies, Levi has revived a nativist view of the Constitution which, if accepted by the Supreme Court, would transform hundreds

Christopher Pyle teaches constitutional law at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice in the City University of New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of thousands of foreign visitors each year into Fourth Amendment outlaws, subject to whatever invasions of their privacy might be deemed appropriate by transient, often anti-foreign majorities of Congress.

This crabbed view of the Fourth Amendment can be found in the wiretap bill's sweeping definition of an "agent of a foreign power" as anyone "who is not a permanent resident alien or citizen of the United States and who is an . . . employee of a foreign power." A "foreign power" is defined not only as "foreign governments" and "military forces" but "factions, parties, . . . or agencies or instrumentalities of such entities, or organizations composed of such entities . . . or foreign-based terrorist groups."

The scope of this definition is truly breathtaking. Fourth Amendment protection against unreasonable national security wiretapping would be denied not only to suspected spies (whose agencies curiously are omitted from the list) but to doctors from Sweden, professors from France, railroad engineers from Great Britain, politicians from Canada, and UNICEF workers from Australia. Indeed, given the millions of people that socialism has put on foreign government payrolls, about the only foreign visitors clearly exempted under the bill are apolitical foreign businessmen, like the executives of multinational corporations whose dealings in strategic commodities have caused consternation in our intelligence agencies.

Were surveillance under the bill limited to cases of espionage or sabotage, the sweep of the foreign agent definition would be of little consequence. The bill, however, has nothing to do with those crimes, which can be investigated under the 1968 wiretap act. What Levi wants is authority to use wiretaps and bugs to investigate wholly lawful statements and activities. The primary purpose of his bill is not even to counter the lawful snooping of Russian spies (although it would also serve that purpose). It is to facilitate spying by the FBI and the CIA on the communications of foreign visitors in search of information on the politics and economics of foreign lands, regardless of whether those lands are hostile to the United States. Targets could include one's cousin from Brussels who imports oil for the city, a brother-in-law from Israel who sits in the legislature, or an uncle from Dublin who raises money in Ireland for the IRA. Moreover, since the bill empowers courts to issue warrants *compelling* landlords, custodians, or "other specified persons" to assist with the surveillance, Americans could be forced to help the government spy on their own guests from abroad.

If the Levi-Palmer theory of the Fourth Amendment were upheld by the Supreme Court in a test of this bill, the FBI would have constitutional grounds for asserting that foreign visitors have no rights its agents are bound to respect. Visiting the United States could become as annoying as touring Communist countries, where clandestine searches of hotel rooms and luggage are a common occurrence.

The theory is too preposterous to be maintained. Should the bill ever be challenged in court, the Justice Department is likely to take a seemingly more moderate position, to concede Fourth Amendment rights to foreigners in theory and eviscerate those rights by definition. For example, it could insist that the warrant procedures of S. 3197 are "reasonable" when applied to foreigners, even though they would be unconstitutional if applied to citizens, because foreigners are more likely than citizens to engage in espionage, and because espionage might, in certain circumstances, pose greater danger to the public interest than the ordinary felonies of patriots.

Given the reluctance of the Supreme Court to come out and say clearly that the Fourth Amendment applies to all government taps and bugs, whatever their purpose, the ploy might work, even though the bill has nothing to do with the traditional crimes of espionage or sabotage. Few government officials are disposed to grant aliens the same rights as citizens, and the Justices of the Supreme Court are no exception. For years they have upheld the constitutionality of legislation denying aliens the rights to free speech, free association and fair hearings enjoyed by citizens.

Aliens charged with espionage have fared no better with Fourth Amendment claims. Warrantless wiretaps were upheld in the case of Igor Ivanov, a Soviet national convicted in 1970 of spying on the Strategic Air Command. The Third Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that "in the circumstances of this case prior judicial authorization was not required," and held that Ivanov's Fourth Amendment rights were adequately protected by an after-the-fact review of the "reasonableness" of the wiretapping by a trial court that knew of the evidence that had been obtained. The Court of Appeals acknowledged that its decision amounted to a "relaxation of Fourth Amendment requirements" and that similar wiretaps in the case of a domestic political organization or ordinary criminal would have been illegal, but the Supreme Court refused review.

In 1960, the Warren Court went even further in order to uphold the abduction of Rudolph Abel, the Soviet master spy, who was spirited out of his studio in Brooklyn, New York, and flown to Brownsville, Texas, where he was held prisoner for two weeks by the CIA. The law which permitted Abel's arrest under an administrative warrant issued by the Immigration Service (because he was suspected of entering the country illegally) was accepted as constitutional, even though the arrest of a citizen under similar circumstances and without prior judicial authorization would not then have been tolerated.

Thus, while it remains to be seen whether the Supreme Court will extend its current double standard from cases involving spies and immigrants to a broad law permitting political and economic eavesdropping on law-abiding foreign visitors, the prospects are not auspicious.

The Levi-Kennedy bill threatens more than the rights of visitors; it would limit the rights of citizens as well. The Supreme Court has ruled, as a matter of Fourth Amendment law, that evidence obtained from warrantless government taps and bugs must be excluded from judicial proceedings; nothing less will cure the constitutional violation. The proposed law would deny this protection to citizens as well as aliens, provided that the executive branch had been able to persuade a judge that there was probable cause to believe that the person to be monitored was engaged in "clandestine intelligence activities . . . pursuant to the direction of a foreign power." Once the judge accepts a "funny warrant," authenticates the certificate of need, and accepts the government's promises to minimize its eaves-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Renault, Sacramento Bee

dropping on innocent third parties, all evidence of any criminal activity "incidentally" overheard can be used against the target in court. Moreover, the government would not have to reveal to the defendant where it got the information, as it now must do in ordinary criminal cases.

On its face, this provision appears to be aimed at an especially dangerous class of criminals: atom spies, saboteurs and skyjackers. In fact, that is not its purpose; federal law already permits the government to monitor them. This bill calls for something new. By using the term "clandestine intelligence activities" instead of espionage, sabotage or murder, the government seeks the power to use wiretaps and bugs to investigate wholly noncriminal conduct including lawful inquiries into public record information bearing on American economic and military capabilities.

The provision is a memorial to a Nazi agent named Heine who put together an extensive profile on our aircraft industry on the eve of World War II by posing as a student/journalist and using wholly nonclassified data. Under the espionage laws then and now in force he could not be convicted of any crime.

The law Attorney General Levi proposes would permit electronic surveillance of Mr. Heine without probable cause to believe that he was about to commit any crime. It would also go much further, because nothing in it says that the person acting "pursuant to the direction of a foreign power" must be a witting participant in "clandestine intelligence activities." All the government would need to show would be that there was probable cause to believe that an unquestionably loyal American was engaged in research, advertising, lobbying or legal work for a foreign government, party, faction (whatever that is), or international organization, and that the work being done arguably served the secret intelligence purposes of that "foreign power." And, since judges would not be permitted to question the government's certificate of need or review the information gleaned from the wiretap, they would be unable to protect American citizens from the misuse of national security wiretapping for partisan political purposes.

Similarly, the bill would permit electronic surveillance of any person—including an American with no links whatever to a foreign power—who "assists . . . a person who, pursuant to the direction of a foreign power, is engaged in clandestine intelligence activities, sabotage, or terrorist activities. . . ." Again, witting service is not required. Lawful assistance to a person secretly engaged in wholly lawful information-gathering activities for a foreign government would expose one to wiretapping or bugging and the concomitant danger of criminal prosecution for wholly unrelated activities which might, for one reason or another, be considered criminal. Given the specious justifications still being offered by Nixon administration officials for their taps on newsmen and ex-National Security Council aides, and the harassing use of criminal and noncriminal wiretap information by the FBI in its vendetta against Martin Luther King, it is not difficult to see how this provision could be misused.

Finally, the same provision would endanger the privacy of anyone who, wittingly or unwittingly, "assists" any person engaged in undefined "terrorist activities" anywhere on the globe "pursuant to the direction of a foreign power." Ethnic Americans with ties to strife-torn countries would be particularly vulnerable, because the bill is written broadly enough to permit monitoring of money raisers for Palestinian charities, persons who support relatives on the revolutionary side of a foreign war, or publishers who print the manifestoes of foreign revolutionaries.

The bill's ultimate mockery of the Constitution and the courts, however, lies not in its subversion of the Fourth Amendment but in its failure to reject executive claims to an inherent constitutional power to conduct surveillances, whatever Congress provides by law.

The bill seems to require that intelligence agencies obtain judicial warrants before undertaking any wiretaps or bugs, but that is not the case. A disclaimer at the end of the bill releases the executive branch from even that small restraint. It would put the Congress on record as actually acknowledging "the constitutional power of the President to order electronic surveillance . . . [for national security intelligence purposes]" and disclaiming any intent to restrict that power.

No Congress has ever gone so far. The disclaimer is not merely a disclaimer; it would actually give the executive branch the power, subject only to whatever restraints the Supreme Court might impose, to evade the bill from the outset, or to defy a federal judge and go ahead with a surveillance he has refused to approve.

It is probable that the bill's sponsors on Capitol Hill do not intend the many abuses that could arise from it, but laws touching on fundamental rights should be drafted with precision and should not lend themselves

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to easy manipulation. It is not enough to say that we now have an Attorney General of unquestionable integrity, or that the intelligence bureaucracy has learned its lesson. If the history of electronic surveillance over the past forty years teaches us anything, it is that officials of high integrity have adopted specious interpretations of the law, and that secret agencies should never be trusted.

Liberal proponents of the bill argue that it deserves support despite its obvious constitutional defects because it contains useful procedures to protect the privacy of third persons, and because the current Supreme Court, if left to its own devices, might rule that judicial warrants are not required when the target of the eavesdropping is a suspected foreign agent. In today's climate, they argue, reformers must take what they can get. The important goal should be to establish the principle of judicial warrants—even "funny warrants"—in national security cases; vindication of the rest of the Fourth Amendment can come in later years. The bill may demean the courts and defraud the public, but that is the price which must be paid for a marginal advance for liberty in an atmosphere hostile to reform of the intelligence agencies.

If they are right, that is a tragic commentary on the state of liberty on the eve of our Bicentennial. □

BURMA: THE LONG SLEEP

DAVID J. FINKELSTEIN

My first visit to Burma, in 1964, consisted of the maximum allowable twenty-four-hour stopover in Rangoon. At that time an increasingly anti-foreign government under Ne Win's despotic grip was in the process of "Burmanizing" the country by expropriating businesses owned primarily by Indian, Pakistani and Chinese residents. After being stripped of all their possessions, including their wedding rings, those fortunate enough to have foreign passports were thrown out of the country. Those born in Burma, who had no such passports, could do nothing but remain, ostensibly with no means of livelihood. I stayed the night at the vacant, gloomy and fast deteriorating Strand Hotel (where in the "old days" a string ensemble used to serenade dinner guests), disappointed at not being able to follow Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour up the fabled *Road to Mandalay,* and listened as a lonely old Anglo-Burman clerk lamented that the "Burmese road to socialism" was a path to isolation and stagnation. And, indeed, so it seems to have been.

The Burmese Government points with pride to the fact that, unlike Indochina, Burma has avoided the ugly aspects of foreign intervention. But in doing so, it seems to have brought itself to the brink of economic disaster. In desperate need of foreign currency, the government has relaxed its visa restrictions to the extent that foreigners are now allowed a maximum of one week's stay in Burma. There are thus a few more guests at the Strand these days, including several Texas oil tycoons, complete with paunches, cigars and ten-gallon hats. Along with less visible Japanese oilmen, they are involved in offshore prospecting. (Burma, the largest country in Southeast Asia after Indonesia, is just about the size of Texas.) The hotel is now so run-down that rats compete with guests, at least in the dining room, but since Burma stands out as one of the most remarkable countries in Asia—warm and humorous people, exquisite craftsmanship, fascinating manifestations of Buddhism, archaeological treasures to match the now inaccessible Angkor Wat, etc.—the traveler willing to overlook this and other inconveniences is more than rewarded for his pains.

During my recent one-week stay, I was able to meet with some Burmese officials, including several from the Ministry of Planning and Finance—a curious agency for a country so seemingly devoid of planning and finance. To avoid having to file the detailed reports required by a stifling bureaucracy, Burmese officials prefer not to talk with foreigners, even foreign embassy personnel, in their government offices, and they are understandably guarded in their conversations even when meeting on the outside. By and large, however, the Burmese seem to be quite candid and critical in private conversations with strangers, and those of Chinese ancestry are particularly forthcoming when conversations can be carried on in Chinese. Not that the government tolerates criticism and dissent. Recently, for example, a labor leader complained that his workers could not live on 3¢ a day, and for this he was immediately sentenced to six years in prison. But the Burmese dictatorship is so hopelessly incompetent that even in repression it is to some extent inept.

The black market operates efficiently in Burma; everything else appears stagnant. Rangoon, the drab capital with a population of 2 million, is illustrative. Its almost deserted "international" airport is as dilapidated as Boston's South Station—evidence perhaps that the gap between capitalism and socialism is indeed narrowing. The Union of Burma Airways owns a few ramshackle buses which, though they sometimes transport passengers from Rangoon to the airport, don't seem to have a mandate to work the other way around. So a traveler must take his pick of "taxis"—World War II vintage jeeps, each accompanied by three hustlers, an example, no doubt, of underemployment in a country where dentists work as typists and chemists as clerks. The youngest of the three hustlers, aged about 10, cranks the jeep to start it, since batteries are impossible to come by unless one has access to smugglers or to the military. The other two, after helping the passenger into the cramped vehicle, climb aboard themselves. One serves as driver, the other as chief engineer, for the fifteen-minute ride on virtually trafficless streets to the refuse-littered center of town is interrupted by several breakdowns requiring on-the-spot repairs. The ride costs about 25 *kyat,* the equivalent of $4 at the official rate or $1 on the black market.

David Finkelstein is a lawyer and a program officer at the Ford Foundation, specializing in Asian affairs. This article reflects only his personal views.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

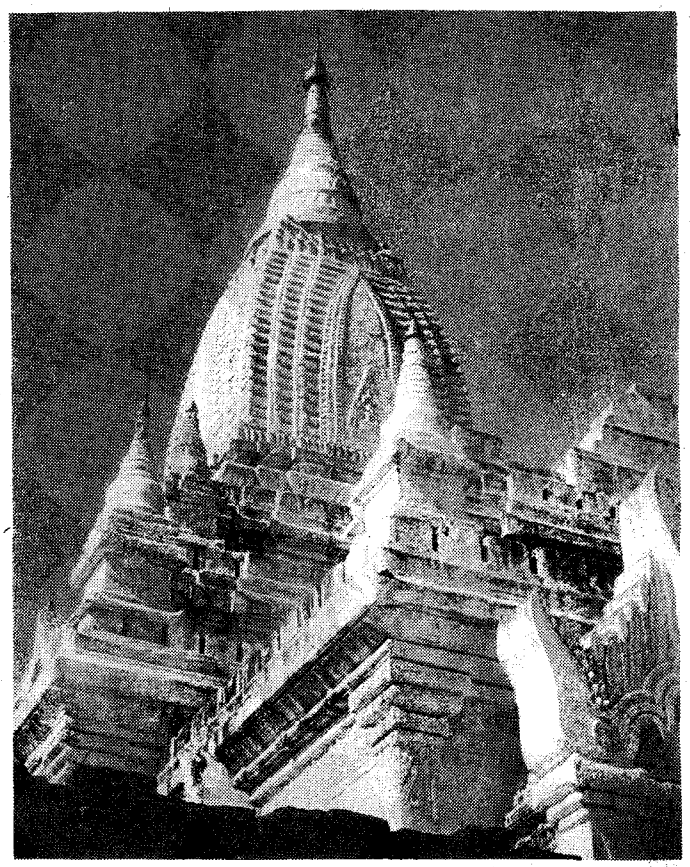
The sidewalks in town are actually collapsing underfoot. The marvelous old colonial-style buildings, still in use, are disintegrating. Trees grow out of roofs, shrubbery out of walls. It is apparent from photos of earlier eras that Rangoon has probably suffered more deterioration in the past two decades than almost any other city in the world—for that reason, if no other, a New Yorker can feel very much at home there. Ironically, the U.S. Embassy is located on Rangoon's "34th Street."

With one exception, the United States, it is said, has almost no interest in Burma. The exception is the drug trade. Narcotics seems to be the most thriving agribusiness industry in Burma. It consists of small farmers growing poppies, refineries tucked away in almost impenetrable mountain and jungle areas, transportation by caravan on tortuous trails leading toward the Thai border, remnants of old Kuomintang army units (who took refuge in Burma after their defeat in 1949), disaffected tribal and other bandit groups competing to exact protection money and tolls, etc. All this activity produces upward of $500 million worth of exported "goods" (an estimated 450 tons of opium) a year, which in a country otherwise without foreign currency provide the bulk of financing for black market imports into Burma. Many of these imports are produced on the Thai side of the border by factories and other production units that exist exclusively to supply that market. Even fresh bread is smuggled daily into Burma from Thai bakeries across the border.

Perhaps because of its economic importance, the Burmese Government has been willing to tolerate the narcotics trade of the infamous Golden Triangle (an area including parts of Burma, Laos and Thailand). Recently, however, apparently having discovered a number of their own children hooked on the habit, the military rulers have agreed to cooperate with the United States in restraint of this trade. Why the American Government should be so concerned is somewhat puzzling—Burmese drugs are, it is said, peddled in Southeast Asia and for the most part do not find their way into the American market. But whatever the reason, Washington is pursuing its worldwide crusade against the poppy through a recent arrangement to provide Burma with eighteen helicopters for purposes of interdiction. Presumably the narcotics campaign also explains why the United States is the only country to maintain a consulate in Mandalay, a lovely but backwater town several hundred miles north of Rangoon.

Beyond this unique American pastime, there seems to be very little activity to occupy the attention of the diplomatic community in Rangoon, which includes representatives from North and South Korea as well as East and West Germany. The Russians long ago concluded that Rangoon was too desolate and boring for cold-war confrontation with Americans. Accordingly, they have endeavored to make things more bearable by being friendly —a policy of limited détente that even Senator Jackson would find difficult to reverse.

Apropos of Senators, Mike Mansfield spent several days in Burma last August—the first American dignitary to visit Rangoon in five years. Mansfield had also been there five years earlier. He was entertained at a dinner given by Ne Win, whom he has known for some time. Reportedly, population was one of the topics of conversation. Ne Win reiterated his view that Burma's population must continue to grow in order to offset the pressure from its two powerful and populous neighbors, India and China. Perhaps for the first time, however, he leavened this with a statement indicating an awareness that, in terms of increasing numbers of mouths to feed, there were increasingly heavy costs to such a policy. Ne Win, who is said to live in constant fear of assassination, has also admitted that under his rule Burma has not achieved its economic goals.



Lemyethna Temple, Pagan (Burma)

Ne Win presides over a twenty-eight-man State Council, which in theory is responsible to the National Congress, with its 451 deputies. The secretary of the State Council is Gen. San Yu. A retired brigadier, Sein Win, serves as Prime Minister. Under the State Council are the eighteen-member Council of Ministers, the Council of People's Justice, the Council of People's Attorneys and the Council of People's Inspectors. Similarly, there are people's councils at the state, township and village levels. This adds up to a lot of people, and under a new law all 252,446 of Burma's elected deputies are to be provided with salaries and, at the higher echelons, handsome perquisites such as residences, cars and drivers. The cost, it is said, will be 170 million *kyat*, about the same as Burma's yearly expenditure for public health.

There has been talk of a split at the top of the military leadership, the two groups forming around Gen. Tin Oo who, in early March was abruptly dismissed from his position as defense minister, and another former defense

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minister, Gen. Bo Let Ya, now reportedly the leader of the opposition People's Progressive Party, a pro-foreign investment party with which the CIA is allegedly involved. The split is said to be the result of a combination of personal ambition and nationalistic discontent among lower ranking military officers, a number of whom, it is rumored, have defected in recent months. Earlier, Trade Minister San Win had been fired for tolerating "decadent alien culture," the occasion for this dismissal being some rock music that drifted from the Inya Lake Hotel to the ears of Ne Win and caused him to rush pell-mell to the hotel to break up the offending party.

Plagued by recurrent flooding, Burmese rice production, among the lowest per acre in the world, remains the same as it was in 1939. (New varieties have reportedly not done well under Burmese conditions.) In that period, however, Burma's population has doubled, from about 15 million to 30 million. Thus, the country must now consume the rice it previously exported as surplus (it was, in fact, the world's leading rice exporter) and, if current trends continue, will soon be forced to become a net importer of the staple it previously enjoyed in great abundance. Burma reported a moderate economic recovery in 1974 (about 3 per cent growth), but given its small base, that was not much of a feat in terms of absolute increase. Furthermore, the slight upsurge followed a period of almost zero "growth." In recent years, rapid inflation has exacerbated public discontent, breaking out in 1974-75 in strikes and instances of violent protest. The government, however, has apparently been able to frustrate the fragmented opposition simply by jailing student and labor leaders, some journalists and intellectuals. For good measure, it closed the universities.

The result seems to be a population resigned to the state of affairs but indifferent as to whether the society functions or not. For instance, representatives of the government travel agency, situated in an obscure corner of an old office building, have removed outside signs expressly to keep the public from finding it. Why? "Because travelers want us to make reservations and that's impossible." Why? "Because the Union of Burma Airways won't take reservations—the Telex system doesn't work and no one can fix it." The only way is to go to the airport, wait for a plane (for four or five hours—there is no scheduled time of arrival), and hope that the system of priority seating for foreigners and military personnel will work to your advantage. The situation is even worse at the Airways' office in Rangoon, where the pandemonium can be compared only to Bloomingdale's the week before Christmas. It is not uncommon for three tickets for the same flight, written by the same agent, to have three different times of departure. One Burman, waiting to see if he could wangle a seat with a bribe, was heard to mutter: "If other countries ran airlines like this, people would walk." Walking is indeed the preferred means for illegal international entries and exits—a not uncommon practice—but for more conventional domestic travel, with the trains slow, filthy and even less reliable than the planes, the Burmese have little choice.

One opposition group, the Burmese Communist Party (White Flag), has not been so easy to suppress, though it apparently constitutes a chronic economic and political headache more than a genuine strategic threat. These insurgents, in the main concentrated on the Burma-China border and said to be primarily of Chinese origin, are allegedly actively abetted by the People's Republic, despite the latter's close relations (involving substantial foreign aid) with the Burmese Government. Fighting these 5,000-odd Communist guerrillas, one of whose leaders died in a drunken stupor after falling from his horse, is the major preoccupation of the 150,000-man Burmese Army, which, curiously, is regarded as one of the toughest fighting forces in Asia. All I saw of the military were glimpses of the brass enjoying the soft life in Rangoon—driving golf balls at a range incongruously located at the foot of the Shwedagon Pagoda, the world's largest and perhaps most spectacular Buddhist temple: more than 300 feet high, covered with gold leaf and complete with neon-haloed Buddhas.

The U.N. Development Program (UNDP) has a modest program in Burma, with an estimated $26 million allocated for the period 1974-78 and an additional $15 million available from other U.N. agencies. The program is intended to have a direct impact on the government's efforts to increase production and generate foreign exchange, and, through assistance for technical training and undergraduate and graduate education in specialized scientific fields, to meet shortages of trained manpower and to accelerate the transfer, adaptation and development of technology. Recently, I was told, UNDP offered to undertake a development plan for Rangoon. Some Burmese planners feel that a regional plan would make more sense, arguing that investment limited to the industrial sector, given Burma's pitifully small industrial base, cannot possibly contribute to the country's long-term health.

In this regard, the World Bank and the Asian Development Bank have made loans, and a few countries such as the People's Republic of China and the Federal Republic of Germany have given bilateral aid, to develop Burma's fisheries, agriculture, forestry, and for mineral exploration. A variety of precious stones—sapphires, rubies, emeralds and jade—are plentiful in Burma and are sold in the markets for almost nothing. But hopes that, once the offshore oil contracts had been negotiated, the Burmese Government would open the mineral sector to private foreign participation, have thus far been disappointed. Burma's oil prospects may be good, but no one seems to feel they will do much to solve the country's basic economic problems.

A few observers believe that some improvement may result from recently instituted measures designed to crack down on profiteers and purge corruption and inefficiency from the public service and state-owned businesses. But most, including the Burmese and foreign officials I met, are less optimistic and caution against being impressed by unreliable official figures. Certainly, apart from the too obvious spate of newspaper stories announcing stiff prison sentences for thousands of individuals recently convicted of economic crimes, the visitor sees little evidence of the sweeping reforms and sound guarantees that the U.S. Department of Commerce insists would be necessary be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore Burma could be considered an attractive investment prospect. Currently, Burma's foreign trade amounts to only approximately $150 million, with Japan's share more than 20 per cent and America's less than 5 per cent.

But whether the economic situation improves slightly or continues to deteriorate, life in Burma will undoubtedly go on pretty much as it has for centuries. Rangoon, like any other city, provides certain sights that remind one of home—office workers commuting to work reading *Jaws* and other such paperbacks (obviously black-market imports) and transvestites parading along the streets. But the dominant tone of Burma is one of relatively unspoiled tradition. Cottage industries and artisanship continue to flourish as old master craftsmen pass on their skills to apprentices who work long hours for pittance wages under appalling conditions (young women in one place in Mandalay, for instance, were standing ankle-deep in stagnant, mosquito-infested water, weaving silk), producing magnificent lacquerware; ivory, stone and wood carvings; copper and brass work; gold leaf; etc. These artisans, too poor to buy coffee, sell their sugar ration coupons at inflated black-market prices to buy cooking oil and rice.

Much of the river traffic on the Irrawaddy is as it must have been centuries ago: long, thin boats, each propelled by a solitary, *longyi*-clad figure standing in the rear and pushing two crossed oars. Unlike the water traffic in Thailand, very few of these boats are motorized and those that are still barely creep along, gasping and sputtering as they go. Like everything else, motorboat parts are almost unobtainable and it is cheaper to produce propellers by melting down Burmese coins than to put the money to other uses. A tourist in Mandalay can hire one of these boats to visit a temple up-river that boasts the world's largest hanging bell, second only to the standing bell in the Kremlin. In colonial times, the avaricious English tried to abscond with the 17-ton bell, the pride of Burmese bronze makers, but in the attempt it fell to the river bottom. Western technology notwithstanding, all their efforts to raise the bell reportedly failed and the English ultimately abandoned the project. But since it was a Burmese bell, the Burmese were not so easily daunted. They are said to have devised a method by which divers added piece upon piece of bamboo until it eventually floated and was taken to the place where it now hangs. There must be a moral in this tale for development planners.

The Burmese might be getting themselves together once again, this time in response to a natural disaster which befell what is perhaps Burma's greatest national treasure and potential tourist gold mine—the 2,000-odd temples and stupas of the ancient capital of Pagan. More than 5,000 of these incredible monuments, all located in an area of a few square miles, were built more than 900 years ago in the unusually arid climate (once a garden, Pagan is now a semi-desert) of central Burma. Half of them have since been destroyed by the elements. In the 13th century, Pagan was invaded by Kublai Khan but, contrary to popular belief, the Horde, themselves converts to Buddhism, were probably not responsible for the destruction. In early July, Pagan—almost a holy city in the eyes of Burma's extremely devout Theravada Buddhists—suffered a severe earthquake. Months later, Burmese from all over the country were still making the pilgrimage there, packed into garishly decorated, broken-down old trucks, to see for themselves what had happened. At the one tourist hotel in town (surprisingly deluxe and expensive), a German physicist who in the past had been a frequent visitor to Pagan was literally crying in his beer at the extent of the damage and glumly predicting that the Burmese would be incapable of organizing a restoration effort. To those who had never been there before, the damage—with a few notable exceptions, such as the most ancient pagoda, the top half of which had toppled into the river—did not seem so great. Repair work is underway, presumably under the supervision of about ten archaeologists sent from Rangoon ministries. Where spires had been knocked off, the fallen bricks are neatly gathered; and where cracks had appeared, they are covered with tarpaulins. The government allocated funds and more was donated by the public in collection boxes placed at the countless temples throughout the country. (However poor they may be, Burmese mysteriously seem able to find a few *kyat* to buy gold leaf for temple walls, or to give to beggars, as acts of devotion.) There was talk also of contributions from UNESCO and foreign governments, including the United States. Since Burmese rulers have traditionally been sensitive about omens from the gods, the politics of superstition might be at least part of the explanation for Ne Win's special concern in this instance—a restoration of Pagan would serve to confirm that his regime is in no danger of collapse. A major question, however, is whether Burma has sufficient technical skill to make the necessary repairs. A good job of restoration and preservation might require more sophisticated scientific techniques than were needed to float a bell.

Since 1962, Burmese cultural relations with the United States have been almost nonexistent. In recent years, they have begun to pick up, but only slightly. A couple of American doctors are now teaching in Burma and four Burmans are in the States studying medicine, a field in which the Burmese have apparently made some progress, though disease is rampant in Burma, many medicines are unavailable and infant mortality is high. In addition, two Burmese reporters recently spent ninety days traveling in the United States on State Department grants. Since there is so little "news" in Rangoon, American reporters are understandably not particularly interested in an exchange program. Except for a few stringers, only Agence France Presse keeps a reporter there. A proposal to send four Burmese educators to visit America was shot down in its final stages by an insecure Minister of Education. But a Burmese dance troupe was permitted to perform in the United States last fall in exchange for an earlier visit to Burma by the Martha Graham Dance Company.

Though socialism is in principle quite compatible with the Buddhist aversion to individual opulence, it seems to be less than a blessing for the Burmese as implemented by the present military government. Except for a few small restaurants and the like, kept especially decrepit to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

avoid government intervention, almost everything in Burma has been nationalized. But there is little talent and less incentive to manage the country's enterprises properly. Despite an authoritarian and often arbitrary government, the society is surprisingly unregimented. But it also seems sadly unfulfilled. Many Burmese are obviously eager for information about, and contact with, the West, but the government seems committed to a continued course of relative isolation, concerned lest foreign powers, not least of all China, meddle in its domestic affairs. The "American presence" provides for Burma simply a comforting balance. In sum, on the basis of a short visit it is hard to disagree with one young Burman who regretfully concluded that "Burma was asleep ten years ago, is asleep now, and will still be asleep ten years from now." □

COMMON SENSE FOR THE DEMOCRATS

Letter on Foreign Policy

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

Gentlemen: I'm obliged to write in disrespect of a number of recent conventions. One is that advice on foreign policy should be tendered anonymously, thus leaving the candidate free to form it or deform it. And the adviser, while taking pains to let everyone know that he has been giving advice, need assume no responsibility for what he may have said. To be sure, there is another way: aspirants to the status of adviser can publish magisterial essays on foreign affairs. These appear to be addressed not to the public, much less the candidates, but to the unending sequence of generations. The ensuing vacuity, I suppose, is *prima facie* evidence of the possession of one of the talents of a Secretary of State.

And there is a still more important convention with which I take issue. It is that electoral politics is one thing; the serious conduct of foreign relations quite another; that whatever may be said between now and early November is important to the campaign, but not to history. That, I suggest, is a convention which ought to be dropped. That is why I take the liberty of writing now, well before the last hurrah—indeed, while some of you are listening for the first one.

The Republicans have their own traditions: foreign policy debate should be loud and, above all, simple-minded. President Ford has expunged the word détente from the White House vocabulary: perhaps Dr. Goldwin assured him that it would appeal only to intellectuals. Dr. Kissinger, meanwhile, is engaged in one struggle he may even win—a debate on the philosophy of history with Ronald Reagan and Admiral Zumwalt. It cannot be said, on balance, that our opponents have broken with their past.

In our party, matters are for the moment relatively quiescent. Governor Carter has said one or two sensible things, to be reproved by James Reston for an unseemly display of idealism. Senator Jackson waded ashore near Beirut, and as promptly put to sea again. Representative Udall has intimated that he would do things differently, but he hasn't told us which things. Senator Church has denounced both the CIA and the multinational corporations, without proposing to abolish the one or nationalize the others. Governor Brown has said that cities are historically transient, a remark widely misinterpreted as a statement of domestic policy. Actually, it is a daring foreign policy breakthrough—a signal to the Cambodians that Jerry, at least, understands them. Senator Humphrey, for his part, is offering us a tacit bargain. We won't mention Vietnam, and he won't mention foreign policy at all. Overall, gentlemen, your performance is far from brilliant, but I'd be desolate to be thought to be asking too much in May.

The press, to be sure, with its unerring instinct for getting to the surface of events, has given a certain amount of attention to our party's foreign policy. Nearly all of it concerns who is advising whom. We already have enough aspirant Secretaries of State, Secretaries of Defense and National Security Advisers to staff the entire foreign policy establishment of a medium-sized industrial nation. A glance at the list will show that some are the perpetual members of any Democratic government in exile: George Ball, Paul Nitze, Cyrus Vance, Paul Warnke. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, of course, is in a class by himself, having spent his exile working for the Republicans while seeking to retain his Democratic credentials. There are others: Zbigniew Brzezinski, Richard Holbrooke, Thomas Hughes. They may be described as trying hard to overcome the singular handicap of not having been born corporation lawyers. All they can claim is expertise.

It is difficult to believe that the claims of these candidates have not been brought to your attention before—principally, of course, by themselves. Still, it may be instructive to look more closely at them. Some were part of an inner emigration in the National Security apparatus. They didn't like everything that went on, but they were usually quite discreet about saying so. Credit where credit is due: Warnke actually opposed the war in Vietnam; others, Nitze most conspicuously excepted, intimated varying degrees of reserve about that adventure. No one I have mentioned, however, ever seriously challenged the assumptions and ends of the foreign policy which caused

Norman Birnbaum, professor of sociology at Amherst College, is a member, 1975-76, of The Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, and of the National Board, Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee. He is writing a book on Culture and Politics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the war in Vietnam. Their allegiance to the National Security apparatus is unquestioned. They might change its policies, but hardly its direction, and they are certainly unlikely to question its present size or structure. None has advanced new ideas about how a democracy might best deal with foreign affairs. Some, if with rather more circumspection than Henry Kissinger, treat our democracy as a necessary but burdensome constraint on the conduct of foreign policy. They appear to think that it is best left to experts—again, themselves.

A few have shown a capacity, admirable by most standards, to change their minds. Some years ago, George Ball was proclaiming to anyone who would listen that the Italian Communists were a mortal threat to our interests. Just the other day, however, he announced that the Christian Democrats were hopelessly corrupt, and that the Communists would have to be talked with. It won't be thought hypercritical, I trust, if I suggest that the Christian Democrats were no less corrupt some years ago. Ball did say, it is true, that the European Common Market would be used to put severe economic pressures on the Italian Communists. That is high politics—but not cleared with the Europeans, who intend no such thing. Still, the policy is an improvement on sending the Marines. Professor Brzezinski began his career as a cold warrior of pathological rigidity, but he has recently taken a far more differentiated (which is to say, intelligent) view. He's even proclaimed the obvious, that the struggle between rich and poor nations may dominate international politics for decades to come. In any other country, these shifts would tell us only that the persons concerned had normal metabolic rates. Are we so intellectually impoverished, so devoid of ideas, that changes of this sort must pass for insight, even wisdom?

Perhaps you ought to analyze what passes for conventional wisdom in foreign affairs—and what makes the experts expert. Their record is dismal enough: they are always surprised. They were surprised by de-Stalinization, by the Cultural Revolution in China, by the recent successes of the Left in Western and Southern Europe, by the international economic crisis, by the collapse of South Vietnam, by the character of the Cambodian revolution, by the offensive of the raw materials-producing countries. Those who are supposed to know a lot seem to know nothing—or very little. The fault lies with our universities; more precisely, with our professors. In much of the social sciences, what is taught is a specious social technology. Most foreign affairs experts are educated in fields like international relations and political science. These fields are curiously ahistorical, their jargon often expresses banality, their techniques impede reflection. Even Dr. Kissinger, who passes for a historian, has a degree in political science—which may account for his singular misreading of 19th-century history. We have specialists on the Soviet Union who know little of the Russian state tradition, and who speak of Marxism-Leninism when Czarism-Leninism would be a far more adequate term. It isn't easy to explain the failure of our universities in this regard. Some of it may be due to their excessive closeness to ordinary politics: professors directing seminars too often act like would-be kings; the nation would be better served were they to try to think like philosophers. Many scholars who care deeply about other countries and other cultures, who actually think, prefer to keep their distance from the National Security apparatus. In any event, the only way to avoid being surprised by history is to study it. After so many failures, we have to ask whether too many of our experts are not modern con men—with doctorates.

Expertise has another component. Let's call it technical competence. Some of this is familiarity with bureaucratic routine, although the persons most adept at bureaucratic manipulation may have few ideas and less leadership to offer. Some of what passes for technical competence is simply a mastery of bureaucratic language, occasionally of newer modes of analysis. Recall the sad fate of Robert McNamara. He systematized defense policy, and thought that he could conduct the war in Vietnam by computer. In the end, he learned that the information he had was false: his sources in the field were either fools or liars. It is impossible, then, to treat technical competence apart from authentic knowledge—and impossible, again, to separate knowledge from those rare qualities of judgment in its use which constitute wisdom.

I'm aware that we have a set of wise men *ex officio*, like the cabal which foisted the unfortunate Dean Rusk upon John Kennedy. It has been observed before that American public figures almost never resign on matters of principle—and when they do, they are punished for it. Great Britain, by contrast, has had Prime Ministers who as statesmen were rebels: Churchill, Eden, Macmillan and Wilson. (There is also the example of the West's only recent non-nonentity, Charles de Gaulle.) We take as wisdom, however, the by-products of the tribal solidarity of the powerful. The ritual repetition of clichés, and an obdurate refusal to admit mistakes, or draw inferences from them, are the chief distinguishing characteristics of our elite.

Do you really want to entrust foreign policy to this gang of sycophants? Those who speak their language are already putting pressure on some of you. Consider James Reston's absurd response to Jimmy Carter's Chicago foreign policy speech. (Could not someone, incidentally, persuade Mr. Reston that he is not the sole custodian of our national patrimony—that he has to share it with Mrs. Graham and Eric Sevareid?) After mistakenly reporting that the speech was written by Brzezinski (it was written by Carter's staff), Mr. Reston described the Chicago audience as "knowledgeable" in foreign affairs. Knowledgeable? Our local foreign policy study groups are as American as apple pie, and about as sophisticated. These groups typically include businessmen with foreign interests, local media persons (some of whom, understandably, may wish they were on the Paris *Herald Tribune*) and an assortment of tame academics. These groups have applauded, successively, the Potsdam agreement, the cold war, German disarmament, German rearmament, Acheson's Pacific line, war in Korea beyond the line, the isolation of the Chinese People's Republic, rapprochement with the Chinese People's Republic, limited war in Vietnam, full war in Vietnam, disengagement from Vietnam, negotiations with Allende, support for Pinochet,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unwavering support for Israel, arms for Sadat, stern warnings to OPEC, negotiations with OPEC, threats to Cuba on Africa, admonitions to Ian Smith. . . . I could go on. Carter can console himself: a candidate whose foreign policy wins friends of this degree of judgment doesn't need enemies. Of course, the Governor's suggestion that foreign policy be based on respect for other peoples is both general and, by its moralism, embarrassing to some. Compared with the assumptions we've been taught to regard as normal, it is promising.

The electorate wants new ideas, and it is short-sighted to suppose that foreign policy is a reserved domain, in which it will accept whatever threadbare notions are pushed forward as exemplifying consensus. Of course, it is traditional that our parties do not offer much of a choice, in which case, perhaps we ought to cease blaming ordinary citizens for the apathy and cynicism our elites deplore. The Democratic Party has consistently contradicted its liberal vocation, its commitment to social reform, by its allegiance to the warfare-welfare state. Our party is the home of many of this country's intellectuals: it is surprising that it should be so blind to the interpenetration of foreign and domestic policies. It is not only a matter of the misallocation of resources to the military establishment. The values propagated by our National Security policies are at least as important. Whatever you may be talking about, you do not speak Vietnam or Watergate. Yet the war in Vietnam (invented and prosecuted by the experts) destroyed a Democratic President who could have been a much larger figure in our history. And Watergate showed what crimes are possible in the name of national security.

War, and preparation for it, are not the health of the state but its sickness. Constant references to military threats to our security evoke aggression and anxiety, diffused throughout the society with visible consequences in rates of crime and psychic disorder. The arrogation to ourselves of moral superiority in world politics reinforces the defensive self-congratulation propagated by small leaders and mindless publicists. It neutralizes the critical dispositions latent in millions of Americans, a disposition which must be expressed if anything in our society can change for the better. Of course, the warfare-welfare state has at times worked, spewing forth goods. It requires the political philosophy of Daniel Boorstin, the present Librarian of Congress, to suppose that the resultant society of consumers is a higher spiritual community. Whatever the economic benefits of the warfare-welfare state, its moral costs have been far too high. There are profound elements in the American tradition upon which we could draw to re-create our political community, but these are libertarian and experimental. The warfare-welfare state makes of our country an unstable union of Sparta and Alexandria—with a Roman imperial ideology insufficient compensation for our distress at our failures.

Apart from a few fortunate societies like our own, the world suffers from disease, famine and terror. We do our descendants an enormous disservice by supposing that we can forever deafen ourselves to the cries outside our borders, vend arms and food abroad, and enjoy learned essays which demonstrate that, in an imperfect world, we and they are each receiving approximately what each deserves. There is no easy road to a just global community, but world society is already in existence. The enunciation of doctrines which set our primary aim as the maintenance of our superiority—unencumbered by compassion and moral responsibility—is a certain prescription for our eventual isolation and beleaguerment. Daniel Patrick Moynihan deserves credit for having raised the issue of our relationship to the impoverished nations. The professorial accents of his celebrated article in *Commentary* disappeared, however, as he postured on television for a national public: he appealed to the worst in our country and not to the best. (As for the article, if Dr. Moynihan wishes the next administration to take his claims to expertise as seriously as does the present one, should he not do some reading? He seems to think that British ideas dominate the rest of the world. We know that our WASP intellectuals, and some Jewish ones, adulate the British; it is a surprising trait in an Irishman. Rousseau, Marx, Lenin and Mao are more important in the poorer countries than Locke, Mill and the Webbs; the Sorbonne more important than the London School of Economics. Dr. Moynihan's argument was also disingenuous: by concentrating on the inadequacies of plans for redistributing the world's wealth, he did not deal seriously with the question of the control of production. It is simply not good enough to praise the multinational corporation as a creative social institution, and laud Brazil's economic development—whilst announcing that our primary aim should be the defense and extension of political liberty. The contradictions and difficulties are too flagrant.)

For whom is our foreign policy made? We smirked, not so many years ago, when we learned that ITT had offered to pay for CIA operations against the democratically elected Chilean Government. It now appears that the operations of the multinational (really, American international) corporations and the CIA are inextricably fused—a second, and sometimes more important foreign policy, parallel to the public one. Lockheed made payments to the Right in Japan; the recipients of its bribes in Italy included military and civil plotters against the Italian Republic; its relationship to the strong man of German reaction, the former Defense Minister Strauss, requires examination. François Mitterrand intends to nationalize ITT-France, but not so long ago it appeared that in our country ITT would acquire the federal government as part of a program of corporate diversification. A foreign policy conducted by a covert agency of the government in conjunction with our large corporations is not compatible with our self-respect.

We shall also have to re-examine our assumptions about defense, and certainly reconsider our role as the world's first arms merchant. A parity of terror is quite enough: the search for military superiority is unnecessary, because impossible. The Democratic Party has in the past been either accomplice or prisoner of the Pentagon. John Kennedy campaigned on an entirely fictitious issue, the supposed missile gap—and then had to face the opposition of the generals and admirals when he became serious about arms control. It is a heartening indication of public intelligence (which is to say, skepticism) that despite the enormous growth of the military, our senior officers cannot claim exemption from criticism. Is it not time, how-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever, that our party made it clear that defense, like war, is too serious to be left to the Chiefs of Staff?

This country requires a new conception of the public interest, a new idea of political community, an assertion of the claims of citizenship against those of the market. Like our forefathers in the 18th century, we have much to learn from Western Europe. Many Western European societies are socially more advanced than ours; their populations show a far higher degree of political interest and participation. The current debate in Western Europe is over a new model of society. The suggestion that we are called upon to protect these peoples from themselves is monstrous arrogance: the European Communist parties have at least as much right to claim a place in the mainstream of Western civilization as a party which can take Ronald Reagan seriously. A new American foreign policy will have to take account of our weaknesses as well as shout about our strengths. We'll have to find for our country a world role that is at once more modest and more charitable. In short, we'll have to redefine the national interest in terms other than those of the technocratic liberalism of the past decades. I do not write this from a disdain for liberalism. Quite the contrary: it has been our experience that, forced to choose, many amongst our liberal elites preferred the certainty of technocratic power to the risks of liberal politics. American liberalism is historically bankrupt. The only way to retain its ends is to transform its content.

We can return to our beginning point. The persons now crowding the candidates, preparing position papers, offering advice—the applicants for appointive office in the next administration—are without exception associated with the National Security apparatus. (In at least one of your advisers, alas, I detect a career profile which suggests a CIA connection.) Either they have served in it or, as outsiders, they have accepted its operating assumptions. We need a different kind of leadership, a search for new ideas, a willingness to reject the conventional wisdom. There are interesting and critical elements within the apparatus, but they need encouragement from the top. The next Secretary of State should not be appointed from amongst the current candidates. He (or she) ought to be a person with a sense of this country and its needs. The Secretary should combine a very large commitment to our ideals with a practical sense of what our people will endure. He or she ought to be a Governor, a Senator, a Representative, a Mayor or a business leader. (The only university candidates I can think of are John Kenneth Galbraith and Father Hesburgh.)

Of course, you'd like to have names. There are more than a few. What about Governors Anderson, Askew or Carey? Governor Brown's critics say that he has rarely ventured outside California: the post would give him a chance to travel. In the House, John Brademas, Barbara Jordan and Peter Rodino are available. Senators Mondale and Proxmire come to mind (although Proxmire at Defense would be worth at least two divisions) and so does Senator Weicker. In the cities there are figures like Kevin White and Moon Landrieu. There are business leaders like John Bunting, who just the other day declared capitalism imperfect; perhaps he will have to seek new employment. The list could be longer, but the point for the moment is that you ought to have this sort of list.

To be sure, there is a case for naming an expert to be your National Security Adviser. That, however, begs a good many questions—beginning with the dubious intellectual status of expertise. A historian of late antiquity might have knowledge which is more "relevant" than an assiduous exegete of last year's headlines. Perhaps you should appoint someone who has been in the National Security apparatus, taken its measure, and left it. Perhaps you should ask someone in Congress for one of those foreign policy aides behind Congress' recent foreign policy performance; Dr. Robert Hunter, for example. Perhaps there is a military officer on active service who has meditated on Clausewitz. In any event, you may wish—however much that narrows the field—to have someone not beholden to the Rockefellers. There is no case, finally, for establishing a second State Department in the White House, to do battle with the first one.

The same sort of considerations should apply to your choice of a director for the CIA. Gerald Ford was right to name a public figure rather than an intelligence professional to the job. My own candidate would be the one American thinker who wrote early about much of what we now know to be too true: the Mafia's role in politics, the CIA's infiltration of our public life, the decomposition of our national substance. Norman Mailer, however, can hardly afford that kind of reduction in his income; let's think of Archibald Cox as an alternative. It would be better yet were he charged with liquidating the agency and transferring its functions elsewhere.

Clearly, we are getting ahead of ourselves. There is still a campaign to fight, a campaign that isn't likely to be entirely discontinuous with the subsequent Presidency. Your choice of campaign strategy, tactic and rhetoric will carry over to the next administration. The campaign, whether it is won or lost, is an educational opportunity. It is a long time since Adlai Stevenson enjoined us to speak sense to the American people, but the injunction holds good. Politics, and above all the conduct of foreign affairs, is not tidy. A program cannot be put into effect mechanically, the unexpected will occur, you will discover constraints undreamed of by your advisers. Even those who think that they proceed from day to day, from decision to decision, have some principles of selection. It would be more and not less helpful to the nation if these were made explicit.

The campaign, as a matter of fact, may impose on you occasions to make choices in foreign policy. No one can be sure that Israel and Syria will not be at war in the summer. A rapprochement between China and the Soviet Union is improbable, but not impossible. The liberation movements in the southern half of Africa will not adjust their timetable to our electoral calendar. And there is a major crisis in Italy.

We, along with the Mafia, the Roman Catholic Church, and the more inefficient sectors of Italian industry, are co-proprietors of the Christian Democratic Party. To that party we have lent ideological reinforcement, direct political endorsement, and CIA and corporate subventions. It has repaid our trust by subjecting Italy to a government

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of extraordinary corruption and incompetence. Threatened by the electoral successes of the Left, the Christian Democrats have resorted (not without help from our servitors in Italian military intelligence) to a campaign of terror by "leftists" bankrolled by the police. Italy will have elections soon, with a Communist electoral victory as a possible result. Dr. Kissinger has been giving a poor imitation of King Lear ("I shall do such things . . ."). What will he do if the Italian electorate responds to his affront to Italian national dignity by making it impossible to form a government without the Communists? (General Haig, who helped engineer the coup in Chile and who has as yet to testify about his custody of the White House tapes, has also been lecturing to the Europeans on democracy.) Are you prepared to insist that we should accept the decision of the Italian electorate, thereby helping to avoid a *coup d'état* before it occurs? Or will you let a mistaken conception of bipartisanship encourage Dr. Kissinger to try to impose, first, economic sanctions and then a civil war on Italy?

Mr. John Connally now informs us that he will enlist 25 million Italo-Americans to stop the Italian Communists. He will do so, we gather, as a private citizen, his connection with the Foreign Intelligence Board notwithstanding. Mr. Connally has not been conspicuous for his closeness to any American ethnic group (the very rich, excepted), and a profound attachment to the values of Mediterranean civilization also seems new. My own impression is that the choice of Connally to oppose Berlinguer is inspired. When it comes to the redistribution of wealth, Texas John beats any Marxist. In a world already grotesque, one more aberration may go unremarked—should not our party, however, look into this one?

The problem of our concern with internal liberty in the Soviet Union isn't irrelevant here. The present policy of our government was enunciated by Helmut Sonnenfeldt, whose views were then substantially edited. We fear the destabilizing effects of libertarian and national communism in the Eastern European countries, not least because this might lend plausibility to the Communist parties in the West. I'd say that a successful model of democratic socialism in the West, with participation by mass Communist parties like the French and Italian ones, poses a far more serious threat to the Soviet system than the Pan-Slavic primitivism of Solzhenitsyn. For the moment, we seem to stand for order no matter whose order it is. It is quite true that Congressional attempts to link our relations to the Soviet Union with changes in Soviet domestic policy did not work. These, however, were Congressional attempts, opposed (and possibly sabotaged) by the administration. A Democratic administration can and should speak out about matters like emigration and repression in the Soviet Union. It cannot do so, of course, if Pinochet and Park are allowed to claim our aid and support.

I'm reminded of a trip I made to Moscow in 1973 with a group of American scholars and writers. Our group included Anthony Lewis and Doris Kearns, and our hosts knew precisely where we stood. At a reception, a senior Soviet civil servant asked me if it was true that so distinguished a group of intellectuals had backed McGovern. He expressed his astonishment: he'd been in the United States in 1972, and he'd seen the Miami Democratic Convention on television. How could one, he asked, entrust the government of a large country to the young, women, blacks, homosexuals? I devised a variant of the old refrain: bureaucrats of all countries, unite, you have nothing to lose but your power.

There are other possibilities. Suppose that the campaign passes without a foreign affairs incident until, at the end of October, the polls suggest that we are heading for a 55 per cent electoral majority? *Remember the Mayagüez.* We cannot exclude the manufacture by the present administration of a foreign policy crisis, complete with military action. You will have to say something. Many of your advisers will insist on caution, will take the view that bipartisanship and patriotism are identical. (They may not believe that, but they may think that most voters do.) What will you say, and how will you say it? If you endorse Presidential action, you may be strengthening Republican electoral chances. If you are critical, you may risk a chauvinistic backlash. You may also be making a contribution to the liberation of our politics from a taboo.

Finally, there is the question of Dr. Kissinger. I have no exaggerated regard for my former colleague. His identification of the future of his foreign policy with that of Western civilization bespeaks megalomania. His deception of the public and the Congress expresses a profound contempt for democracy. His policy, in many instances, was and is disastrous as well as wicked. However, those who oppose him in the Republican Party do not share our values. Many are xenophobic, some anti-Semitic. To seek cheap advantage by catering to them would be abominable. We cannot say whether President Ford will have the character to stick with his Secretary of State: the President is not made of the same stuff as Harry Truman. However, we ought to argue about issues, not personalities. And if one of you is rather friendly with Dr. Kissinger, the injunction holds with more force.

In short, fellow Democrats, you will have to think about foreign policy now. □

P.S. May is now almost over and there is little to add to a letter written in late April. Having wiped the tears of renunciation from his eyes, Senator Humphrey now informs us that he did indeed oppose the escalation of the war in Vietnam. After a while, however, he ceased to write to Lyndon Johnson about it: letters on the subject made Johnson nervous. Mr. Ben Wattenberg, of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, responded to Senator Jackson's electoral catastrophe in Pennsylvania by announcing that a large smile won't solve the problems of a world in which (in his words) freedom is daily losing ground. Is this a threat of a fratricidal attack on Governor Carter's obdurate refusal to intimate that he'll lead a crusade against communism? Meanwhile, Mr. Joseph Kraft has criticized the Governor for allegedly describing the foreign policy experts in Washington as opportunists. Does Mr. Kraft expect that Governor Carter would view them as the secular equivalents of saints? Finally, Governor Brown—challenged to make his foreign policy precise—said that he would begin by curing our ills at home. The seminary is not, apparently, the worst preparation for a Presidential campaign. Still, it would be pleasant to have an answer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Platform To Stand On

LEONARD WOODCOCK

The following text is adapted from a speech delivered on May 18 by Leonard Woodcock, President of the UAW, to the Democratic National Platform Committee, meeting in Washington.

Every poll tells us that most voters identify with the Democratic Party and its programs. A composite total of "strong" Democrats, "weak" Democrats and those leaning Democratic demonstrates beyond question that the Democratic Party is truly the majority party. For good reason. I suggest that programs—issues and ideology—are important to the people. I further suggest that, given the inherent numerical strength of the Democratic Party, it is in the interest of the country, as well as that of the party, to add stature and importance to the notion of being a Democrat.

There is considerable evidence that, if the Democratic Party resolves to emphasize issues of public concern and policy, it can excite the large group of new, essentially progressive young people, who now account for a substantial bloc of potential voters. These young people need to be "turned on." They need to know that this party, at least, wants and needs their participation and is willing to be the party of the future, rather than of the past. That means, of course, a party of principle, ready to account for its performance.

Young people are looking at the system and the parties. Their alternatives are to find responsible ways to participate or to drop out. Larger demands in terms of substance and ideas are now being made of our parties and our government, precisely because of the turmoil of the last decade. If the platform committee adopts a set of humane, intelligent and compassionate principles, it can awaken the sleeping giant of youth, now numbed by the currently visible trends of American politics.

It is nothing more than a delusion to believe that a majority of voters are so conservative that they are afraid to look at the new moon for fear of offending the old. What may appear as new is often the maturation of the best of the old. Much of what can be done to enhance the substance of our ideology is merely the fruition of years of churning effort. I believe that we are at a stage at which we can, by *enlightened* self-interest, strengthen our chances of winning both branches of the national government and, at the same time, insure the enduring benefits of such a victory.

The platform this committee develops in our Bicentennial year can make the coming Democratic victory more meaningful, attract new people to the party, and establish new standards of responsibility and accountability. That is clearly its obligation. Responsible, issue-oriented parties are essential to the intelligent operation of the American political system. This committee has a rare opportunity to enhance the party's status and its role in the formulation and execution of national policy.

First. It must write a platform for today and tomorrow. This platform must deal not only with immediate and pressing issues; it must also express a long-range philosophy of the Democratic Party. The committee must avoid writing this platform in a manner so ambiguous as to make it all things to all people. Every Democrat wants very much to win the 1976 national election, but a victory which does not deliver performance to the voters, and is without long-range significance, injures both the system and the party.

Doubtless, the committee will chart the long-range goals of the Democratic Party. Its platform will include promises and programs moving toward civil liberty, equality, civil rights, full employment, peace, protection of the environment, universal voter registration, fairness in the tax structure, improvements in health and education, an enlightened defense and foreign policy posture, and other improvements in the general welfare. These priorities, along with a commitment to act and to innovate, will clearly distinguish this party from the other major party.

Second. The platform should define its own relationship to the party. As it addresses temporal and permanent issues and general philosophy, it should also address the role of the platform itself. While we recognize the diversity of the Democratic Party and the wide latitude traditionally given to state and local organizations in developing programs, principles and platforms, this committee should declare, explicitly, that the national platform is supreme and pre-emptive with respect to general principles and broad national issues.

Under such a plank, state and local platforms should be expected to conform to the national platform on broad party principles and issues. State and local independence and divergence would remain permissible, but there would be coherence on philosophical imperatives.

Third. The committee must commit the candidates to the platform. It is time to renew the kind of binding pledge the Democratic Party made in its 1932 platform, which declared:

> We believe that a party platform is a covenant with the people to be faithfully kept by the party when entrusted with power, and that the people are entitled to know in plain words the terms of the contract to which they are asked to subscribe. . . . The Democratic Party solemnly promises by appropriate action to put into effect the principles, policies, and reforms herein advocated, and to eradicate the policies, methods, and practices herein condemned.

Of course, making the pledge is only a first step. It must be kept. We would not bind our victorious candidates on the details of any legislation or specific program, but we would insist upon allegiance to great principles and deeply held party commitments for all who run under the Democratic banner.

By such action, the Democratic Party and its candidates would seek a consensus among the diverse interests in the party, chart and retain direction, and deliver as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promised. When parties fail that responsibility, they discourage the interest and participation of the voters. The consequence of party irresponsibility is widespread disillusionment, which produces an apathetic, uneducated and cynical electorate. On the other hand, a party which steps up to its responsibility for programmatic performance, not only produces beneficial consequences by a victory but also stimulates an enlightened and enthusiastic constituency.

Fourth. The platform must guarantee a partnership between the new Democratic President and the Democratic Congress. I refuse to believe that the Separation of Powers doctrine mandates full-scale war between the President and the Congress. This platform should mandate a Democratic President to close cooperation with the leaders of the Democratic Congress. There must be essential ties between the legislative and executive branches to provide action and leadership to the people.

The American people are sick of government by veto and confrontation. The Democratic Party can inspire the nation and restore faith in its political institutions by positive cooperation in government. Our President must use his office to communicate purpose and a strategy for movement. He will enunciate goals which are shared within the executive branch, as well as with the Congress, the party and the people. He will establish effective systems of information, will bring the huge bureaucracy of the executive branch under control, work for cohesion and coherence, and regularly give the people an assessment of how well government programs are working.

Fifth. The platform should bring a message to the Congress. It should encourage the leadership of the Democratic Congress to work for more party responsibility and discipline on matters of vital principle. We certainly do not propose a caucus of yes men bound by stringent ties of doctrinal party purity, but we have every right to expect the Democratic caucuses in both houses of Congress to seek a unity of purpose, as much as is possible, on the great principles of the party. The platform should endorse the continuing process of Congressional reform and modernization.

Sixth. The platform should require the new Democratic President to report annually, not only to the nation on the state of the union, but to the Democratic Party on the state of the party. Such a report might well be given at regional or national party meetings, might also be broadcast over television and radio, and given to the newspapers for dissemination. The device of a report to party on its health would enhance the status of the President as leader of the party, as well as of the country, would increase the prestige and importance of the party and provide new accountability to Democrats. The reports of the leaders of our party should be printed in a regularly issued, substantive party organ.

These reforms and procedures will begin to enhance the role of the Democratic Party as a cohesive national organization which formulates, expounds and implements policy. Democrats will, by these actions, demonstrate that they are willing to make policy commitments to the electorate and to carry out those commitments through the candidates they elected to office.

The Democratic Party is not merely an undisciplined, heterogeneous collection of people who unite to nominate and elect a personality. This party is, and must be, a disciplined, responsible and accountable vehicle for citizen participation in the establishment of government policy. I urge this committee to emphasize that conception of the Democratic Party. □

'HABITAT' AT VANCOUVER

U.N. Conference on the Built World

JANE HOLTZ KAY

From May 31 to June 11, 15,000 planners and politicians, scholars and officials, urban designers and diplomats (so titled) will assemble at Vancouver for "Habitat: United Nations Conference on Human Settlements." "Habitat"—the name is irresistible; what better way to suggest the organic link between the animal kingdom and the built world? The subtitle, too, is well put; it is precise, concrete, sufficiently broad. The organizers show their awareness that the built world will embody all the troubles of population explosion and planetary expansion in the next two decades; they know that ours is a world in flux as it doubles its population before the year 2000. They have seen the living statistics in the swarms of the cities of the Third World and in the sprawl across the countryside of the Western world. And it takes only the modest arts of prophecy to realize that if all the cities ever shaped—Atlantis risen, Pompeii unearthed, the archaeological ruins beneath the Paris subway and all those other cities long gone in fire and flood—were restored, they could not house the new urban masses. "Geological" in the scale of upheaval is how Barbara Ward describes the change to come in *The Home of Man* (Norton), a book prepared specifically for the conference.

Certainly the delegates must see the alteration of the living landscape; at least, one hopes, they share the basic conviction of "human settlement" in the conference title, with its bow to the built world. Call these activities "architecture" or "urban design," "construction" or simply

Jane Holtz Kay writes on architecture for The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"shelter building," their representatives are coming to Vancouver prepared to follow an agenda and endorse the need for decent dwellings. It is not too much to assume that, like the 1972 Stockholm conference on the environment which sired it, the "Habitat" gathering shows the awareness that today's building habits cannot possibly produce a human environment: they can only crystallize make-do—architecture as the embodiment of flux.

Of course, flux may be all there is of architecture for most people. Think of the Third World migrants pasting together their squatter housing from castoffs—tin cans and tar paper, burlap and scraps of tile. Consider even affluent Americans, a third of whom have mobile homes plopped

Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

willy-nilly upon the land. If the prosperous United States fails to provide anything like good homes for thousands, how can one expect more than grim housing and brutal cities from marginal nations?

If such conditions and the growth that could make them catastrophic are well documented, so are the prescriptions to cure them. Participants at "Habitat" will not lack enlightened solutions of urban design. There is a library of books. To complement Ward's overview for the conference, there is, for instance, Herbert Lottman's new *How Cities Are Saved* (Universe Books). Ward with her elegantly humane perceptions; Lottman with his case studies from Europe: the planner-as-sage; the journalist-as-urbanist, both convey the established planning wisdom, derived from work almost three decades old and distilled from studies of industrialized and farm nations alike.

All the assorted delegates—the open-minded and the rigid, the engineers and the poets, technocrats and technophobes, oil-rich and oil-poor, haves and have-nots—can find the staple, but not stale answers. With a recognition that the era of cheap fuel and throwaway resources is ending, these books, like much of the literature of enlightenment, reject asphalt sprawl and waste, speculation and privatism. They endorse the need for egalitarian land use and public participation, preservation and pedestrianization, the "promiscuous mix of classes" in big cities, the revival of mid-sized towns, "National Thrift vs. the Faustian Bargain," in energy, as Ward writes, and so on. The paper answers are—if not simple—yet eminently specific.

Ward, the more moralistic and omniscient of the two writers, sits in her post at the International Institute for Environment and Development in London and scores the danger of mindless growth. She damns bigness, not as a bogeyman but for its real menace to farm and human life, its polluting and energy-exhausting aspects and the way it promotes poverty and, hence, she feels, the suicidal breeding of the poor. Lottman, though worried that his samples of car-free malls or restored housing might be "caviar," has the small solutions to fit nicely within her larger perspective.

Ward's "conceptual framework for the conference," as the U.N. puts it, might well be adopted intact by delegates (and designers too):

> Earlier settlements had to take into consideration the climate, the topography and other physical characteristics of the region. The dependence of design on locality resulted in a great variety of architectural and planning styles; as any world traveler knows, the fitness of design to local constraints accounts for much of the charm and interest—as well as comfort—of regional styles. The practical and aesthetic quality of this "architecture without architects" was a product of the necessity to cope with local environmental conditions.
>
> To a large extent, planners have now become independent of such constraints. They can practically ignore the intensity of the sun, the coldness of winters, the impact of snow or rain on buildings, the necessity to adapt the steepness of the roof slopes to environmental forces. The distance separating houses and the distance between home and work likewise are of little significance in so-called "modern" planning. Instead of being concerned with local conditions, architects and planners put their trust in the use of more and more energy to heat and air-condition buildings, to shelter people from unpleasant stimuli, to help them move from one place to another, and to bring utilities wherever needed.

(For the proof of the hour, witness the mock Moorish designs drafted by Western architects for the fantasies of Arab potentates: their luxury hotels or energy-draining homes sit like strange implants on the sandy soil.)

To call the shared solutions above the "conventional wisdom" is not to downgrade their truth, or their urgency. But one can question their efficacy. In the end, what have such words profited? How much have the conviction and consensus of the overviewers mattered? If lucid analysis could do the job, Ward would have won long ago. But

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fine-honed philosophy goes just so far, as she knows.

In a literary sense, it is perhaps because our minds seek landmarks in a sea of cosmic issues: when Lottman's old lady of Bologna, for instance, is at 82 miraculously blessed with her old home repaired and fresh water to boot, we feel more for her specific humanity than we do for all the startling statistics: Tokyo sinking a centimeter under its weighty hordes in 1971; Rome with its waters worse now than in the time of the Romans; Calcutta with a water system, built for 600,000, today serving more than 8 million. But the reason for inaction goes beyond literary remoteness—as it goes beyond a failure of diagnosis. It is not immediacy or knowledge that we lack. It is determination to do the job. "A political conversion," as Ward says, is the first priority. Find the will and the funds soon follow —by cutting into, say, the consumption of alcohol, as she suggests, or arms; by reapportioning land and wealth we could pay for much of the job. That is the basic prescription she passes on to the assembling planners.

And so the delegates come now to "Habitat" with all the right intellectual baggage. All these housing specialists and international settlement experts will fly in for their sojourn with the proper documents at hand and, as late spring stretches the daylight hours of the Canadian Northwest, they will have time to hear committee reports and debate issues for endless hours. The proper name tags will carry them into meetings; their heads may nod before the national competition winners pinned to bulletin boards or bob on instruction from the buzzing media. The conference, to be sure, will come up with resolutions. Learning will no doubt go on amidst arguments. There will be films with windy titles (*A Methodology to Determine the Assets and Liabilities of an Existing Urban Residential Area from the Point of View of Its Inhabitants*).

In fact, there will be two sets of agenda. The first, a formal one for the 5,000 officials will meet separately (in quarters that exclude the press, one hears) and broadcast its pronouncements by "hot line" to the second conference. The second, more informal, will be for some 10,000 to 15,000 delegates lodged 2 or 3 miles away in an old Army base at Jericho Beach. Participants in these two Towers of Babel will, of course, be plugged together by batteries of translating machines and rent asunder, one assumes, by politics as usual.

The pattern of politics is as predictable as the endless talk. Even in preparation, the U.S. State Department and HUD (Housing and Urban Development) jockeyed for control. Other global meetings of academics squabbled on, the U.N. providing the ultimate model of the political forum-as-cockpit. "All talk," a British colleague describes a preliminary April conference in Brussels.

What will happen then, in beautiful Vancouver when East meets West—or, in the vernacular, when "developed" confronts "developing" on the heartbeat issue of housing? Can the wrenching lessons of urban industrialization and automobilization be reversed to help the world when we, their original inventors and first victims, still permit their frantic growth and private exploitation?

For example, U.S. designers hate Dallas; they deplore its land mass that is half under asphalt. Yet somehow, HUD chose to screen *The Dallas Experience*, a film that portrays the city as a "typical" American town with, in the words of the sponsor, a "fine" team approach to planning. Similarly, while Englishwoman Ward views 19th-century British manufacturing as a Dickensian terror, the Third World may see it as the way to the good things in life—high rises, highways and Neiman Marcus for Christmas. It is a question whether the United States can undo the lessons of Coca-Cola culture or the West repair the evil work of colonialism. Our theorists now malign the suburbs but Dutch planners still use the word "Americanization" to describe their exodus to them. In short, we cannot spurn old urban design follies, when we neither practice nor pay for their opposite. If our "Habitat" delegates moon for abstinence and aptness as today's design goals, we cannot blame the world for simply—if wrongly—snickering.

Or worse. Before Stockholm, experts from African countries meeting in Dakar declared that environmental rules "imposed from outside" could not be applied to developing nations. First, they said, give us the paper mills and refineries; after that, the pure water and air—your "rich men's whims." Indira Gandhi asked, "How can you preach protection of animals to those who are hungry, speak to them of pure air and clean oceans while they live in filth?" Western voices pleading for de-motorization and reuse at a preliminary "Habitat" conference last summer sounded hypocritical. "The Americans were very concerned with the environment," said a Harvard University participant, "and the Third World wanted growth." We shall see more of this at "Habitat's" main bout.

At the same time, what better place than "Habitat" for the built world to become a saner starting point for human development? "These overlapping contexts of violent demographic, social and environmental change all meet—one could say collide—in human settlement," as *The Home of Man* puts it. And what better time? When has there been a more desperate awareness? Even the mind of Buckminster Fuller, the power brokerage of Robert Moses and the impossible will of the Pharaohs might not be able to roof those millions who, in Ward's words, are "heaving themselves out of the millennial framework of village and small towns, and descending in deluges of mixed hope and despair on the world's largest settlements." The delegates know that.

Part forum, part arena, the conference on human settlement could be the occasion for planners and politicians to allow these urgencies to go beyond lip service, beyond politics itself, to some action. Some suggest it could be a place to plot the creation of a center to gather the sheltering and environmental skills; or it might simply sound an alert that would galvanize national governments. "Population, environment, food, housing, transportation, citizen participation—almost any kind of public interest group will have input there," U.S. coordinator Hugh Allen says of the coming assembly in Vancouver, "That's its strength and its weakness." Obviously, though, later days will measure the real effectiveness of the event: "Who will follow through, though?" Allen asks. "Who will be picking up the pieces afterward?" His questions ring in the empty air. "It's like taking people to the mountain top," this man schooled in politics and bureaucracy puts it. "And waiting." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Judith Rossner: Daughters and Lovers

EDWARD M. POTOKER

Some literary critics apparently feel uneasy when they discern real merit in best-sellers. It is more edifying and safer to praise authors like Franz Kafka and Nathanael West, who enjoyed little fame and less fortune while they lived, than it is to commend, say, John O'Hara or James T. Farrell, whose worth as writers has been compromised—perhaps even vitiated in the case of Farrell—by their commercial success, however provisional. Judith Rossner's *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, a stunning best-seller in its cloth edition, promises still greater cultural impact through paperback sales and a film version. Reviewers, in the main, were benevolent toward *Mr. Goodbar*, although they rarely went beyond language like "compelling," "a good read," "spellbinding" and "a psychological thriller." Ms. Rossner, who has no reason to be displeased with this sort of treatment, must still wonder about her relative position in the world of letters, since she considers herself to be a serious literary artist. If *Mr. Goodbar* has guaranteed the author financial independence and the opportunity to spend much of her time writing, it has also made possible the reprinting of her three previous novels, all virtually unobtainable until now, and an author does not exist unless her books are available for the buying. Consequently, a preliminary evaluation of Ms. Rossner's fiction is timely and fitting. She has been publishing novels of high quality for over ten years and deserves to be taken seriously.

To The Precipice, first published in 1966 and reissued in January of 1976, remains Ms. Rossner's most ambitious novel. It is a *Bildungsroman*, a psychological novel, a Jewish novel, a woman's novel, a luminous period piece, and a family chronicle with a large, complex canvas that displays many of the author's principal themes and preoccupations. Ruth Kossoff, the gritty, sarcastic heroine-narrator of the book, is shrewd, attractive, thoroughly problematic. Born and raised during the 1930s and 1940s on the Lower East Side (St. Mark's Place and Second Avenue), Ruth finds herself at the age of 21 equipped with a provocative body and a B.A. in English from Hunter. Her father Abe, sour and aggressive, with a heavy Yiddish accent, is an assistant in his younger brother's tiny grocery store; her mother Rose, kind but ineffectual, can serve gefilte fish made of chicken and chopped liver made of string beans; her brother Martin, whose chief goal is to make the varsity basketball team at City College, is severely disoriented, if not demented, as a result of bitter quarrels with his father and a rejection by his half-black girl friend, Rhoda.

Reading Meredith and Trollope makes Ruth, if anything, less tolerant of having to share a bed with her brother: "There goes that guy who sleeps in the bed with his sister. . . . It's okay because she sleeps with her head at the head of the bed and I sleep with my head at the foot." Even more dispiriting is the fact that Ruth must use a hall toilet, a cozy home for roaches, water beetles and other insects which thrive on moisture. In fact, lack of toilet becomes a leading motif: "It might amuse you to know that before I leave work, or any place I happen to be, I use the toilet there so that I won't have to go, any more often than necessary, into that damp, rusty, foul-smelling little cubicle which my mother cannot with all her efforts make fit for human beings."

The ugliness and poverty of tenement life force Ruth to desire money with an overwhelming, painful devotion. Wealth becomes available in the form of Walter Stamm, whose first wife Helen had initially employed Ruth to tutor their young son, Boris. After twenty years of a loveless marriage, Helen Stamm has finally goaded her pallid husband into a divorce. Walter, trying to gratify his illusion that he wants change, quickly proposes to Ruth, who seems outwardly unlike his first wife. Whereas Helen was wealthy and WASP, Ruth is poor and Jewish. Helen was homely and mannish (her father had once seriously suggested that she be sent to military school); Ruth is passionate and beautiful. However, by accepting Walter, who is eighteen years her senior, Ruth must provisionally terminate her love affair with David Landau, the young man who lives upstairs in the same tenement where Ruth resides. David is handsome, sturdy, cocksure, a big male mirror of Ruth. "I loved to be with him and I loved to be seen with him and I couldn't hide it, and that was where he had me." But David, though capable continuously of igniting Ruth, and in the process of ascent through CCNY and Columbia Law School, can offer her little more materially, at the time Walter proposes, than the same roaches and water beetles which they communally share. Ruth's attitude, which only *seems* ambiguous, toward money and sex, toward Walter and David, can easily be understood. Before marrying Walter, Ruth asserts: "I could no more have arbitrarily broken with David than I could have suddenly stopped wanting to be rich. Both meant too much to me. I wanted both for too long." After years of marriage to Walter, which means intense sexual dissatisfaction for Ruth relieved only intermittently by fornication with David, the heroine opines: "I have never been really free of the need for wealth as I have been free, say, of all sexual desire at times after David has made love to me."

Ruth's journey, psychological as well as material, from the Lower East Side to Walter Stamm's elegant residence on Fifth Avenue and 96th Street, provides *To The Precipice* with an ethnic axis that affords humor. Out of deference to Ruth, and, perhaps, in an effort at acculturation, Walter, a reasonably well-intentioned WASP, insists on a Jewish wedding. He employs as rabbi for the event "a young crew-cut blond who had developed to a fine point the art of performing a religious ceremony without actually seeming Jewish. He delivered the few Hebrew passages with a diffidence that suggested he could be lip-reading in the Columbia law library; his speech afterward was a small nonsectarian ethical cultural humanitarian gem, the burden of which was that in people like us, as well as in people unlike us, lay the world's hope for peace." Ruth gets drunk and passes out, acting not a little like Daisy Fay before her marriage to Tom Buchanan in *The Great Gatsby*. Later on Ruth quips to Tanya Lensky, Boris Stamm's Jewish fiancée, that the two women were "doing missionary work in wiping out the pure white Protestant strain in America."

Eventually Walter, an architect and realtor with an income well in excess of $100,000 a year, becomes involved in politics ("Filthy-Rich Liberals for Stevenson"), world problems and racial issues. After reading, say, Jacob Riis and Oscar Handlin, he is capable of making an inane remark about "the liberal Jewish community and the Jews' readiness to fight for

Edward Potoker has published monographs, essays, reviews and poetry. He is editing many of the unpublished manuscripts of Ronald Firbank.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Negro cause." Ruth bristles and responds: "Oh, Walter, the biggest bigots I know are Jews. They only love Negroes when the Negroes are being persecuted by someone else. The persecution makes them half-Jewish or something." To which Walter vexatiously replies: "What makes you think your attitude is so unusual, Ruth? Why do you have to be the only Jewish person in the world who's not a bigot?"

> "Jewish person. Jewish person. You make it sound so genteel. Not like being a Jew. . . . I'm not kidding, Walter. I'm full of prejudices. I would have told you before, if you'd asked me."
>
> "Apparently there are a lot of questions I should have asked you."
>
> "You should have drawn up a questionnaire, Walter. Ruth: Are you a greasy Jewey kind of Jew or are you a nice nigger-loving Jewish person?"

Viewed from parallel mordant perspectives are the City College basketball scandals of the 1950s, which involved blacks and Jews, and the Julius and Ethel Rosenberg spy trials of the 1950s, which involved Jews.

On May 14, 1954, Andrea Stamm was born. On September 20, 1957, Ruth gave birth to Philip, and on December 3, 1960 to Susan. These dates are a bare but not unreasonable summary of her life during the years they spanned. Ruth, feeling indifferent or scornful toward Walter, who remains correct, if fretful, revels in a love for her children that is born out of warmth and desperation: not a substitute for life, but the result of it. She hugs her children to herself in order to keep from falling. In 1965 Walter Stamm is 52 years old and Ruth is 34. They have been married for thirteen years. David Landau has been Ruth's lover again for two years, and Ruth is about to give birth to David's child.

Before David learned of Ruth's pregnancy, he proceeded to get a divorce from his own wife, Sara. He had never loved Sara, it appears, and is not particularly bound to their one adopted child, Sally. Of course, David hopes that Ruth will divorce Walter, but he tells her that he didn't get his divorce "on the simple assumption that you'd pop into court and do the same." When Ruth tells him that she is going to bear his child, he feels certain that she *will* terminate her marriage to Walter. But David, being a lawyer, feels constrained to tell Ruth a number of unpleasant facts: namely, that she may have to face a custody fight, which she can lose, for *all* her children. And, even if she wins, David will have to pay alimony and child support for many years. They would have $175 a week *plus whatever Ruth could get for the children, if* she got them. Ruth observes: "That's about what teachers make these days, isn't it?" She despises herself for dwelling even briefly on money, but knows it is futile to pretend that money doesn't concern her. So Ruth, eschewing more risks, opts for survival. She will stay married to Walter. In fact, she was glad that she had continued to sleep with him during David's return. Walter can even believe that the new child is his own. Moreover, as Ruth points out, her sexual relations with Walter had actually improved during her renaissance with David. David turns his back on Ruth, presumably forever, consoling himself with an aphorism, which could serve as an epigraph to the book: "If you kick a guy in the nuts because your foot needs exercise, how much good'll it do if you explain it's nothing personal?"

In a sense Ruth has successfully coped with both David and Walter. She has accomplished this through a series of jolting confrontations, which scarcely conceal a radical, if not militant, feminism, embodiment of the contemporary rootlessness and restlessness of the "new" woman. As she coolly reflects: "People don't die simply because they do not know what to do next, any more than they die because their wives leave them. Since I am going to live, it will be necessary to find the best possible way to go on." What has fundamentally prepared Ruth for her contests with David and Walter, however, is earlier combat with her own father, Abe. In a scene that is central to the structure and meaning of *To The Precipice* (and one that is briskly reworked in *Any Minute I Can Split*), Ruth gives the death blow to paternal authority, which seems to be equated with paternal injustice. Abe unfairly accuses Ruth of being responsible for her younger brother's death. (Martin Kossoff, the brother, was killed in a skiing accident that may have been partly suicidal; but this scene is certainly the most unconvincing dramatic episode in the book.) Abe's accusations against Ruth are outrageous—one is tempted to say *suitably* outrageous. He asserts that by leading Martin to his death, Ruth wouldn't have to share a room and that there would be more money to go around at home. "You care more for money than people, Ruthie, that's the trouble with you." Then Abe rushes at Ruth to choke her. Her reactions are rather appropriate in the context:

> "You filthy-dirty-disgusting-old-man!" I screamed, my voice breaking loose from me as I brought up a foot and with all my force kicked him in the groin. He reeled back against the table then fell to the floor.
>
> "Slut!" he groaned out through clenched teeth, his arms around his hunched body . . . . He sagged back against the table leg. . . . "Get out of my house." His voice was cracked and spent.
>
> "Your house!" I shrieked. "Why don't you say your shithouse? I'll be glad to get out of it. You don't think that's a punishment, do you? Don't you wish you had the guts to get out? What are you going to do when they finally tear down this shithouse and you have to stumble home to someplace new?"
>
> I bent over to pick up my valise. He reached out and grabbed the wrist of my free hand. I brought the valise around and slammed it into the side of his head. He went limp and slumped sideways down to the floor.

Any Minute I Can Split, first published in 1972 and reissued in April 1976, depicts Margaret McDonough Adams, a heroine in the painful process of liberating herself from a father, who has rejected her, and a husband, who has abused her. The novel, told from Margaret's point of view, deals seriously enough with the problems created by parents, marriage, childbearing, sexuality and suicide. However, it has a much lighter touch than *To The Precipice*, which was slow-paced and somberly naturalistic in many long passages of description that were almost Dreiserian. The action of *Any Minute I Can Split*, on the other hand, is essentially conveyed through sharp, epigrammatic dialogue—indeed, some of the best moments in the book are elaborate wisecracks—and the major setting is a commune in Vermont that supplies an airiness and spaciousness which the Manhattan of *To The Precipice* could not.

The most tangled relationship that Margaret, nearing 30, must resolve is with her father, a retired Boston Irish traffic cop. Boorish and rigid, he is a lapsed but rabid Catholic, who believes that change is the only serious mistake that can be made in life. Margaret visits him twice, in vivid scenes which provide a kind of framework for the novel. At the beginning, pregnant with twins and weighing 250 pounds, Margaret wishes to escape from her sadistic husband Roger, who, feeling she looks like "a hippopotamus with clap," finds her sexually repugnant.

So she takes Roger's motorcycle and visits her father in Boston, brooding, as she travels, over her mother's recent suicide. Mrs. McDonough, descendant of a wealthy New England WASP family that lost its money in the Crash, had no career, no real interests, no love. She married McDonough after he had prevented her from absentmindedly stepping in front of a large truck, "thus setting up a symbolic foundation for the fantasy of salvation which would enable her to deceive herself for long enough to marry him, if not for many weeks longer." The only ambition she'd had for the last ten years of her life was to die before her husband did. Depressed by the vulgarity around her, she finally medicated herself out of existence.

Mr. McDonough does not give Margaret a very warm welcome. She has always made him feel uncomfortable. Even from the beginning, she had been a disappointment

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to him, because he had "assumed that WASPs were born toilet trained." (Moreover, Margaret's mother, after giving birth, had suffered for several years from a skin disease of the groin. Since no one knew what caused it and since she never had anything like that before Margaret was born, Mr. McDonough had blamed his daughter for this disaster.) When Margaret, patting her stomach, announces that she is going to have twins, her father becomes sullen. "You know me, Dad," she quips, "anything for a laugh." "There are things you don't laugh about, Margaret," her father replies. Humor was linked in his mind with drinking and other vices: the idea that there were things you couldn't survive unless you joked about them was utterly foreign to him. Margaret sees no point in staying, and her father does not try to prevent her from leaving. As she proceeds to the Vermont commune, it becomes clear that the most memorable feature about Mr. McDonough is his farting: "Every morning for as far back as she could remember he had locked himself into the bathroom for half an hour and farted fireworks that reverberated spectacularly throughout the apartment, a fact of which he seemed blissfully unaware."

Toward the end of the novel, Margaret visits her father again, accompanied this time by Roger and her brand new twins, Rosemary and Rue. Margaret naively wants to make the connection between her children and her father, feeling that their lives should touch. Mr. McDonough is somewhat rude and doesn't show much interest in the girls, though he expresses the wish that they be baptized. It appears that he has been going again regularly to church. "Guilt," Margaret reflects, "had driven people to stranger places than their own church." Soon discovering a telltale *Ladies' Home Journal* on her father's table, Margaret begins to ask questions. Mr. McDonough nervously confesses his remarriage to a young Irish girl, whom Margaret, during her first visit, took to be a maid or mistress.

> "Five months!" Margaret said, the nausea nearly overcoming her now. "Five fucking months after Mommy died!"
>
> It jolted him to his feet. "Leave this house! You can't use language like that in this house!"
>
> "She was dead five months when I was here!"
>
> "I didn't want to do it but the girl had to be protected."

Continuing, Mr. McDonough protests that he's not the kind of man who can live alone and that a certain Father Dempsey would not allow the girl to live in his house without being married. When he insinuates that the Church did not recognize his first marriage, Margaret is outraged by his disloyalty to her mother and ultimately to her. In a climactic scene recalling the savage fight between Ruth and Abe Kossoff in *To The Precipice*, Margaret explodes:

> "Fuck you," she shouted, looking down at her father with a full and righteous rage. "Fuck you, Dad, and fuck the little cunt in the bedroom and fuck your farts in the bathroom and fuck your lousy policeman's badge. Fuck you, that's all."

Margaret's husband Roger is almost as difficult for her to deal with as her father. Bright white scion of a breakfast-cereal fortune, Roger is an ex-painter, ex-filmmaker, and collagist, whose greatest efforts go into his titles: "Madonna with Six Pack," "Ivory Soap with Pubic Hair," "Campbell's Soup Can from the Inside." Roger is content to live off his parents, vacuous Philadelphia Main Line types, who he feels are awful. Ironically, however, Roger is himself "just beneath the skin and to the inner core a caricature of everything the WASP, a caricature to begin with, stood for. Who initially strove to be what they thought he should be because it was what he really wanted to be in the first place, and only became grotesque in the striving." (Ethnic satire and parody are as remarkable in *Any Minute I Can Split* as they were in *To The Precipice*.)

Constantly bedhopping, Roger tries to humiliate Margaret in every way a man can humiliate a woman. Typical of their conversation is the following passage:

> "What makes you think I give a shit for your needs?"
>
> "You're married to me."
>
> "I married you to fill *my* needs, not yours."
>
> "It must be possible to fill your own needs and not forget other people's entirely."
>
> He laughed. "What if one of my needs is to forget about yours?"

Making fun of Margaret is something Roger does instead of working. Initially, her readiness "to accept his mockery had been based not on saintliness or good will but on some crazy idea of the way she was *supposed* to be. Some lopsided notion of femininity maybe not invented by her but certainly fully acquiesced in. . . . She had worried about her sex life, about whether she was a good mother to both girls, about whether she was doing her share. About what she was *doing*, in other words, instead of about what she *was*." Margaret gradually learns to cope with her masochism, and her activities in the commune tend to toughen her mentally and physically. She is also wanted and had by other men. Roger learns at last to accept her as an equal.

Margaret realizes, of course, that her eight-month stay at the Vermont commune is nothing more than a refuge from her marriage. Nevertheless, helped by encounters with the communards, who provide experiences resembling group therapy, she begins to work out many of her problems, mainly ones of dependence. Important questions are asked and discussed: What cements the standard suburban family, and what makes it split? Is the communal family an alternative? Is sex a more reliable binder in the presumably free conditions of a commune than it is in the nuclear family? To what extent is Women's Liberation legitimate? Is the concept of life style, esteemed by the communards, any more meaningful than the concept of taste, revered by wealthy suburbanites? Finally, does money—always an important element in a Rossner novel—influence the people who form communes more than the ideals that led them to such experimentation?

If Ms. Rossner's communards are unlovable, they are a distinct improvement over the Manson family. For example, we meet David, the teenage hippie, who first brings Margaret to the commune. She has an intense casual affair with him, though he has no genuine feeling for her—or anyone else. It ends when he beats her up, rapes her, and disappears. Then we have De Witt, nominal head and father figure of the commune, who skillfully delivers Margaret of her twins. He has been a chiropractor, psychiatrist, C.P.A., real estate broker and lawyer, all without benefit of licenses. A roving, philosophical stud, De Witt predictably sleeps with Margaret. The farm, revealing much tension under superficial friendliness, is a repository for petty squabbles, money problems, lack of communication and lack of privacy. As the novel's title suggests, all relationships are uneasy and tentative. Margaret begins to recognize the commune as suburbia in disguise.

On the eve of Margaret's 30th birthday, Roger shows up at the commune. Probably anxious to reclaim his wife and children as his own, he is also dismayed by a sudden attack of impotence. Initially enraged by Margaret's infidelities with David and De Witt, he perceives that these are desperate responses to his own lechery and faithlessness. Soon he becomes intrigued with the economics of commune life and decides, with help from his rich parents, to buy the farm. But he and Margaret, who have decided to give their marriage another try, agree to settle on the commune only on the condition that they have their own separate family dwelling—that they be allowed to establish their own conventional relationship in the midst of a community which is supposed to epitomize just the opposite sort of relationship. If this is not possible, it seems that they will seek some other kind of family relationship.

At the novel's end Margaret admits that she and Roger are still "shopping around" for their lives. And she has not yet achieved her stated ambition to have an *unmixed* feeling.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nine Months in the Life of an Old Maid, published in 1969 and to be reissued in June of this year, is a subtle psychological study of a family in conflict, where the hostilities are great and yet where mutual affection, however neurotic, still holds. The novel, sensitively describing parental egoism and the alienation of children, attempts to find a delicate balance—grounds for conciliation and reconciliation—among very dissimilar, often disagreeable, people.

The nine months in the title of this Freudian romance cover the pregnancy of Mimi, sister of the narrator, Beth. At the end of the gestation period, Mimi gives birth to Erica, and Beth is reborn, emerging from a shell that has protected her for almost thirty years. And she is no longer an old maid. Beth had flourished in the hothouse atmosphere of Welford Heights, a Westchester estate bought in 1930 by her parents, Lily and Josh Cane (born Cohen). An irresponsible, perennially young Hollywood couple who had gone through a predictably tiresome Communist phase in their salad days, the Canes called their new haven and hideaway *Yiytzo*, Russian for "egg," because it was to be their world within a world. After several years, Josh, author of a fairly successful pacifist novel *Our Blood, Their Tears*, got an offer from Hollywood to write film scripts, and off he and Lily went, leaving their daughters behind in the uncertain custody of grandparents and caretakers, for Hollywood was no place to raise children.

Mimi, the eldest daughter, is compulsively optimistic, almost a Pollyanna, and a little too old for her age. Beth, five years younger, is weak and completely dependent upon her sister Mimi. Beth did not begin to talk until she was 4 years old and has continued at a scarcely accelerated rate. Subject to breakdowns, she has been incarcerated four times in a mental institution. Her only friends and contacts with the world outside *Yiytzo* are Mimi; Barney, Mimi's husband, who is a professor, occasional poet and inebriate; and the girls' half-brother Vincent, the product of Lily's first marriage and a promising novelist. (*Nine Months* is the only book of Ms. Rossner which is singularly populated with writers: in addition to Josh, Vincent and Barney, we have Mimi, who writes and sells mystery stories, and Beth, who keeps a journal and narrates the novel.)

Josh and Lily come to visit *Yiytzo* occasionally, during holidays or when Beth has a breakdown, but their minds and interests are elsewhere. Thus the years move along. Things start to happen only when Josh decides to sell part of the *Yiytzo* acreage, at about the same time that the childless Mimi, after fifteen years of marriage, discovers that she is pregnant. Beth's child role becomes untenable with a real baby in the offing, and the sheltered world she has built around herself begins to crumble.

Beth had felt that her father had deserted her when he talked of selling the land, and bitterly remarked: "So, hating Lily, I sympathized with you until that day when your interests became hostile to mine. And then you lost me, Josh. As Lily had lost me years before from not caring, you lost me that day from caring but not nearly enough. . . . This land was what you gave us instead of yourselves, Josh, and having concluded that bargain you lost all moral rights to take it away. Having this land, I wouldn't cry when you died."

Finally, Max Merganser, once a friend of Vincent and busy remodeling his mother's house which is near *Yiytzo*, takes an interest in Beth and ultimately proposes marriage to her. He apparently understands her and makes her realize, without painful discourse, that she is a spoiled child, the center of her universe. Max also gives the novel the dimension, not entirely satisfying, of a fairy tale, for he is indeed the handsome blond prince who rescues the bewitched princess from the enchanted tower where she has languished since her abandonment there by cruel parents.

Mimi and Vincent warn Beth about the consequences of marriage. Will she flourish under her new protector, or will she incur fresh breakdowns? The end of *Nine Months* is hopeful, if by no means conclusive. Self-discovery will very likely breed self-generation. As Beth reflects: "What is a marriage, anyway? Only a transplant. Nobody expects a plant to flourish immediately after being moved, it will need time and care to become accustomed to its new situation. . . . I am still Elizabeth. I have been married to Max for a year. I haven't been able to go back to *Yiytzo* but I haven't been taken to a hospital either. I have given ground but I am still Elizabeth. That is a triumph of sorts."

This novel of human relationships is a triumph of style. Like *Any Minute I Can Split*, plot and character are essentially conveyed through dialogue. And, one feels that, without much effort, because the dialogue is lively and witty, the book could be turned into a successful play. Themes dealing with marriage, the family, the role of women and the tensions between generations are as evident as they are expected. Still, Ms. Rossner has broken new ground with this novel as she has done with each of her other works. After the phenomenon of *Mr. Goodbar*, she appears to be only in the middle of her stride. She is a writer to be watched with expectation. □

After Lexington and Concord

A NEW AGE NOW BEGINS: A People's History of the American Revolution. *By Page Smith. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 2 Vols. 1,838 pp. $24.95.*

HONORABLE TREASON: The Declaration of Independence and the Men Who Signed It. *By David Freeman Hawke. Viking Press. 228 pp. $8.95.*

THE CHARACTER OF JOHN ADAMS. *By Peter Shaw. University of North Carolina Press. 318 pp. $12.99.*

ORMOND SEAVEY

There were really two American Revolutions. The obvious one involved spilled tea and embattled farmers and high rhetoric. But there was also an inner revolution, a kind of rebirth into a new identity. The founding fathers themselves were hardly conscious that it was going on. Not long before, they had been country gentlemen and small town lawyers, contented subjects of the King. Suddenly they were revolutionaries, creators of an unforeseen country. A decent respect for the opinions of mankind required them to suppress inner conflicts. But what did it feel like to reject the culture which had fathered them?

Ormond Seavey teaches English at Columbia and is finishing a book on Benjamin Franklin.

Page Smith takes two thick volumes and 1,838 pages to tell the story of the American Revolution in *A New Age Now Begins*. His acknowledged masters are George Bancroft and Francis Parkman, the great American historians of the 19th century. "Great history," Smith has written, ". . . has always been narrative history, history with a story to tell that illuminates the truth of the human situation, that lifts spirits and projects new potentialities." According to this view, history is not a source of problems and a field of conflicting interpretations; it is a story. Events need only the touch of the narrative historian to unfold their ample and consoling meanings. It is a hopeful supposition.

For anyone who simply wants to know what happened in the American Revolution, it is all there in Smith's two volumes. One of the advantages of this panoramic examination is that events of unexpected importance loom out of the narrative. There was a bloody New York City riot before the Boston Massacre, largely unnoticed in treatments of the Revolution. In the course of a seemingly uneventful campaign by Gen. John Sullivan in 1779, Iroquois agriculture was systematically destroyed, crippling an entire culture.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Smith's description of the Southern campaigns of 1779 to 1781 brings into focus the achievements of Nathanael Greene, the least known of great American generals.

The Revolution was a long war, over eight years from Lexington and Concord to the final withdrawal of British troops from New York in 1783. Brief summary does not capture what it meant to serve in Washington's army through summer and winter, ill-supplied with food, clothing or pay. One of the heroes of Smith's narration is Pvt. Joseph Martin, whose detailed recollections of the war are quoted extensively. Martin enlisted in 1776 from Connecticut and stuck it out through unbelievable privations to the end of the war. He is a superb observer, too concerned with the events themselves to ask why they happened. For Smith, the history of the Revolution is primarily the history of the war, so events in Congress and Parliament and the complex diplomatic negotiations are subordinated to the military history. The narrative historian is naturally prone to dwell on military history, where there is a clear story line—rather than, for example, on the financing of the Revolution, a complex problem which eventually helped produce both the U.S. Constitution and the French Revolution.

Smith's history is subtitled *A People's History of the American Revolution*. He seeks to rescue the Revolution from the academic historians and set it forth for a mass audience. Presumably in keeping with that aim, the price of the two volumes has been kept to only $24.95, remarkably low these days for such big books. There are no footnotes. Smith's "people" are not presumed to have any close interest in where his information comes from. Another economy in cost has been in the maps, which are borrowed from a military history published in 1881. Unfortunately the maps are difficult to read and in some cases misleading, so that large passages of military history are more or less incomprehensible.

Like the histories written in the Renaissance, *A New Age Now Begins* begins with the beginning—not of the world, but with the first American settlements. The reader, who must later follow the intricate maneuvers of Washington and Howe, is here introduced to the Protestant Reformation and the English Civil War as if he had never heard of those events. The first 161 pages, on America and Western civilization before the Stamp Act, are intended to prepare the reader for the inevitability of the Revolution and its happy outcome. As the title indicates, the American Revolution represents for Smith the culmination of human history, to which subsequent events have been corollary.

Indeed, along with the procedure of storytelling that Smith inherits from Bancroft is the underlying assumption that American history has been guided in its course by something like Divine Providence. What substitutes for Bancroft's Providence is what Smith calls a new consciousness, a wish to be free. Consciousness is a term rich in implications, but for Smith it is a concept to be evoked rather than explained, for the American Revolution was above all else something mysterious and wonderful. Washington and his army, Franklin and his diplomacy, the British generals and their lassitude do not account for the ultimate American success. The new consciousness did it. But for Smith this consciousness is somehow separable from individual people; it seems to operate as a Pentecostal spirit breathed into the Americans and filling them with the love of liberty. Thus history can lift spirits and project new potentialities.

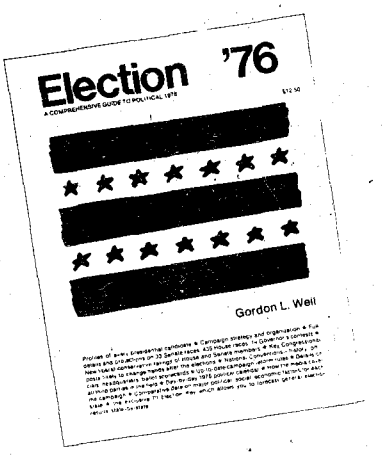
The strain of writing 19th-century history in the 1970s has affected Smith's style. Bancroft was an exuberant and eloquent writer; Smith's prose is marred by an eager embrace of the humdrum and the cliché. After Lexington and Concord there was "deep dismay and equally deep determination, a full realization that the fateful moment had arrived." Smith continually provides a gratuitous commentary on the action, censuring here, praising there, and speculating endlessly about how things might have gone otherwise. The outcome of the American Revolution was "a new age, a new human order, in which no man was sentenced by the chance of birth to subordination and exploitation and no class of men was ordained to rule over others. These were America's revolutionary credentials—a new dispensation for the human race, a new hope for humanity." Perhaps so. But I think it is difficult to believe now, as Smith does, that historical events have particular significances which are extractable and uplifting. *A New Age Now Begins* is not for those who see history as full of problems rather than consolations.

David Freeman Hawke's *Honorable Treason* is a series of character sketches of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, woven into a description of the debates in Congress in June and early July of 1776. Together the sketches make up a composite portrait of the leadership of the American Revolution. The signers were of widely varying ages, from Thomas Lynch Jr., 27, to Benjamin Franklin, 70. Many of the signers had been in colonial politics only since the Stamp Act crisis, so their entire public lives had been framed by the confrontation with Great Britain. Some had inherited wealth and social prestige; more

Announcing

ELECTION '76

The most comprehensive guide to political 1976



Full 8½ x 11" pages

Profiles of every presidential candidate ★ Campaign strategy and organization ★ Full details and projections on 33 Senate races, 435 House races, 14 Governor's contests ★ New Liberal-conservative ratings of House and Senate members ★ Key Congressional posts likely to change hands after the elections ★ National Conventions—history, officials, headquarters, ballot scorecards ★ Up-to-date campaign reform rules ★ Details on all third parties in the field ★ Day-by-day 1976 political calendar ★ How the media cover the campaign ★ Comparative data on major political, social, economic factors for each state ★ the exclusive PI Election Key which allows you to forecast general election results state-by-state.

By the editors of *Political Intelligence* which offers two free issues to purchasers of **Election '76.**

Send to:

THE NATION
333 Sixth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10014

Please send me immediately my copy of ELECTION' 76. $12.50 enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Make checks payable to THE NATION.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were consciously self-made men. Several voted against independence on July 2 but signed the Declaration later when it was politically unwise not to. Hawke's format discourages one from seeing any of these personalities as pre-eminent, and in fact the need for unanimity discouraged pre-eminence. Jefferson received the assignment of writing the draft of the Declaration in part because he had thus far been a retiring and inoffensive member of Congress; his authorship was not publicly known until after the Revolution. The Declaration appeared to the world as the collective statement of Congress.

Among the leaders of the Revolution, John Adams is especially interesting because he was peculiarly sensitive to the psychological strain of becoming an American. To his colleagues in Congress he was the Atlas of Independence. He was both a cogent advocate and a tireless worker at the administrative details of central government for which Congress had become responsible. Yet he was tortured by his very certainties, capable of self-crippling antagonisms and misspent energies. Three times in the period of the Revolution he suffered nervous breakdowns and rallied to perform valuable work.

Peter Shaw's *The Character of John Adams* attempts to define the sources of Adams's troubled career. It is the finest extended psychological study yet written about any of the founding fathers. Shaw has no jazzy revelations to offer about Adams's private life; he is painstakingly cautious about his psychological observations. What makes his book so valuable is his awareness of the cultural context in which Adams grew up. An unstable mixture of Puritan and Enlightenment values occupied Adams's restless mind. He avoided the ministry after Harvard and argued about Puritan theology with his neighbors as a young schoolteacher in Stockbridge, Mass. He read the philosophers of the Enlightenment with a sometimes vexed enthusiasm. As Shaw points out, Adams had inherited from the Puritans certain reflexes of self-abnegation and self-examination, but not their concept of salvation. Because no cathartic saving experience was available for him, he was habitually unsatisfied and resentful of a world which he felt had neglected him.

Shaw concentrates on the reiterated patterns of Adams's life. From his youth he was obsessed with the problem of fame and recognition. To seek fame was vanity, yet to be deprived of recognition for one's real merits was unjust. Benjamin Franklin in particular became the focus of Adams's resentments, since Franklin could calmly set aside the prohibitions which defined Adams's identity. While he created in his mind figures like Franklin or Gov. Thomas Hutchinson who were conspiring against him, he was calm in the face of real attacks. There was a pattern of self-created obstructions at crucial moments in his life. He delayed unaccountably in Holland while the peace negotiations he had been responsible for were beginning in Paris. As President he put off acting to resolve the XYZ Affair until his chances for re-election were ruined. He was capable of strong sexual feelings and a half-unwilling sensual appreciation of artistic beauties inaccessible in his native New England. He worried about his digestion and lamented his broken health and failing condition for most of his 91 years.

Adams's journal-keeping and letter-writing practice is particularly revealing to Shaw about his inner state. Interruptions in writing and sudden bursts of energy point to the uneven quality of his life. Retired to his farm after the election of 1800, he tried to write an autobiography but trailed off before it could get far. He could not give his life a shape or a sense of completeness. Adams had at times sharper historical insights into his own times than any of his colleagues; he was capable of warm friendships and abiding love for his wife and family. To read this life of missed opportunities is often painful.

Perhaps the greatest virtue of *The Character of John Adams* is that it makes him an ancestor, a recognizable member of the family, rather than a household god. The founding fathers are somehow easy to ignore as household gods; as living beings who brought about and suffered a cataclysmic change they can compel our attention. □

HOW WE ARE LIVED

Do you bring
lost holographs
from your cave?

Do you bring me
your stories and sleep?

The hill is bare
where my father lies,
no weight breaks
the great heart there.

Love, I bring you words,
dry stones,
small rain on a field.
Thirst like yours.

Martin Broekhuysen

'The Ghost of Roger Casement'

THE LIVES OF ROGER CASEMENT. *By B.L. Reid. Yale University Press. 576 pp. $25.*

JEFFREY MEYERS

A man in his own secret meditation
Is lost amid the labyrinth that he has made
In art or politics. . . .

W.B. Yeats, "1919"

Roger Casement (1864-1916), humanitarian and Irish patriot, was an emotional enthusiast who refused to see reality. He was generous and unstable, courageous and reckless, impressive but ineffectual, and seemed doomed to leave a clear trail of incriminating evidence wherever he went. Hopelessly idealistic and magnificently unprepared for all military and political realities, Casement landed in Ireland in 1916 with a spirit of self-sacrifice that was virtually suicidal. His life was a paradigm of noble but pathetic heroism and his execution for high treason a moral and political tragedy.

After working for twenty years as an explorer, hunter, surveyor, administrator and British consul in Africa, where he shared a hut with Joseph Conrad in 1890, Casement was asked to conduct an investigation of atrocities committed upon the rubber workers of the Upper Congo. In 1903, despite the appalling climate and the active hostility of the Belgian officials, Casement meticulously verified the looting, burning, imprisonment, flogging, mutilation and death, and, like Conrad in *Heart of Darkness*, attacked the hypocritical justification of colonialism by revealing the inherent savagery of civilized man. Though his report was watered down by the Foreign Office and did not have an immediate effect, Casement triumphed in 1908 when the Congo Reform Association was created and world opinion, finally stirred by his revelations, forced King Leopold to surrender his personal ownership of the Congo Free State, which became a colony of Belgium.

In 1910 Casement, whose consular career had shifted to South America, conducted a similar investigation of the rubber workers in the Putumayo region of the Peruvian Amazon. Here, as in Africa, an immense river, cutting through a jungle remote from government control, transported the rubber collected by natives who were enslaved and brutalized by their white overseers and had declined in population from 45,000 to

Jeffrey Meyers has written several books on T.E. Lawrence and George Orwell, as well as The Idealist in Politics *and* Homosexuality and Literature, *which will appear later this year.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF BEING RIGHT TOO SOON

Five years before the near-bankruptcy of New York, **The Washington Monthly**, the liberal magazine that questions liberal orthodoxy, began its attack on the swollen bureaucracies with articles called "We're All Working for the Penn Central" and "America the Featherbedded." We then questioned the high salaries and pensions enjoyed by civil servants and warned of the growing power of public employees' unions.

The Washington Monthly has been ahead of its time in many other ways. It was the first magazine to reveal the political contributions of the dairy lobby, and in an article that won two of journalism's most distinguished awards, the first to tell of the Army's spying on civilian politics.

It was the first to reveal the Nixon impoundments, the first to report why Congress didn't investigate Watergate before the election, and in so doing, became the first monthly magazine to do original reporting about Watergate. In an article that won yet another award, it told "Why the White House Press Didn't Get the Watergate Story."

Our article on the dangers of nuclear hijacking was a year ahead of **The New Yorker**'s. Our case against social security was made two years before **Harper's**. And two years before Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Imperial Presidency*, we published "The Prince and His Courtiers at the White House, the Kremlin, and the Reichschancellery."

Time says **The Washington Monthly** is "must reading." **The New York Times** says it's "indispensable." And **The Washington Post** says it "does its specialty—government and politics—better than any other magazine around." If you aren't afraid of being right too soon, give it a try.

free copy offer

na-61

I'll give it a try. Please send me a free copy of your latest issue. If I like it, I will receive a one-year subscription for only $8—half the regular price. If I don't like it, I'll simply write "cancel" across the bill and that will be that. In either case, the complimentary copy is mine to keep.

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The Washington Monthly
1028 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

10,000 within the last decade. His discoveries once again led to significant reforms, and he was knighted for his services in 1911. But his health had been permanently ruined, and when he failed to get a satisfactory consulate he retired from the Service in 1913.

Casement had always identified his own fate with the destiny of Ireland and called "the nauseous fraud of Home Rule a promissory note payable after death." In November 1914, after the outbreak of the war that "repaid" Belgium for Africa, he arrived in Germany via Norway, with his homosexual companion Adler Christensen, in order to enlist support for Irish independence. The elusive and complex Christensen (who had two wives, and children by both of them) betrayed Casement to the British Minister in Norway who wrote out a formal guarantee to pay 5,000 pounds for Casement's capture. Christensen continued to work for Casement, who never lost faith in him, and deceived the Minister with false plans for a German invasion of Ireland.

Casement had some initial diplomatic success when Germany formally recognized the independent state of Ireland "after centuries of slavery." But when he failed to suborn captured prisoners of war for an Irish Brigade, he became "almost a State prisoner," had a minor breakdown and languished in despair for more than a year until the Germans agreed to land him by submarine on the Irish coast so that he might take part in the Easter Rising of 1916.

But the British Admiralty had intercepted the German message to Ireland, and after a series of ludicrous misfortunes Casement was captured by a local constable as soon as he landed. Though he attempted to stop the Rising, which he thought doomed to failure, he was tried for high treason. His legal defense, which was based on the interpretation of an ancient statute, avoided the main political issue of the trial; and Casement, in order to avoid cross-examination and sexual slander, did not defend himself until after the verdict was delivered. At that point, he used the trial to justify the rebellion and the idea of Irish independence; and the possibility of a free Ireland grew out of the Easter Rising. After the trial, extracts from Casement's homosexual diaries (which he had left behind in England) were secretly circulated among influential people in England and America, and effectively extinguished all hope for a reprieve. He was executed, ironically, for his sexual rather than his political crimes and for leading a rebellion he had tried to prevent.

Casement was an obsessive diarist who left behind a documentary record of each phase of his life. B.L. Reid has scrupulously examined and evaluated all the evidence and produced a thorough and definitive biography. But his long book is rather detailed and dull, and suffers from excessive description and insufficient analysis. Reid objectively "lays out the evidence for an induction about the character of the man," but often lacks psychological insight and depth. He offers no explanation of why Casement was a homosexual; says that his time with a Peruvian sailor was divided "between heavy petting and desultory study of Spanish"; and accepts unquestioningly extraordinary entries of the diaries concerned with sexual matters as representing reality. But if Casement had actually carried out all his sexual fantasies they would probably have been discovered and used by the Belgian Government when they attempted to discredit his Congo report, and would have been noticed by his intimate friends, who were all unaware of his secret life. The masochistic diaries are a dream-epic of superhuman physical performance which reveal Casement's desire to distinguish the specific sexual event amidst the blur of anonymous adventures, and to experience in the re-creation of the sexual encounter a sensation as great as the original excitement.

It is difficult to agree with Reid that Casement's homosexuality does not "cut very deep" into his character and "is not the heart of the matter," for Casement's schizoid attitude toward his own sexuality exaggerated his tendency to deny reality and retreat into fantasy. Casement was deliberately destroyed on account of his sexual life, which had no legal relation to his political crime; he was the last man in England to be hanged for homosexuality. But he was largely responsible for his own tragic fate. The pattern of his political life, a series of disasters that testify to his compulsive desire for death and martyrdom, suggests a deep guilt about his homosexuality and a need for self-punishment. □

THE TIME-TRAVELERS

We came barreling out of the Past like some five-bottle Regency
Bucks on a perch-high phaeton, with two sozzled footmen
Belching behind the sword case. High, wide and handsome
The roads were. But what's this landscape, blurred and abraded,
That goggles the smashed-glass eyes?

Why, it's our own worn gem of a world, hand-cut, a cameo cunningly
Cored to suck out the juice in the jewel, where Caesar's chipped profile
Glosses the Ghost Dance thigh. On its oxidized mounting
A choir of skeletal cherubim rolls around and rolls around,
Singing small bony songs.

And here's this target, Today, peppered with blunderbuss, buckshot
Cities, half honkytonk and half shooting gallery,
Whose citizens, each stiff one of them, slugged and weaving,
Wearing his poisons like a leotard,
Tries to lurch to a mad band's music.

No, it's not a rake's bad drunken dream, had under the tavern table,
But as real as a dentist's drill. On the Late Show tonight
The film is a true-life myth in which Samson goes bald at twenty,
Ulysses lynches his wife, and from Mary, dying in childbirth,
Is taken a stillborn Boy.

We'll go blathering into Tomorrow, a murder of crows, a labor
Of moles, a barren of mules, braying, blind and raucous. Tomorrow's
A mushroom-cloud set for prime time, no bigger than a man's God
And no further from us than the distance between a death-wish
And the edge of the cantless dark.

Harry Brown

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Red Grooms and assistants have set up "Ruckus Manhattan" at Marlborough (through July 16). It is a perfect summer show, adored by children out of school and by lecture classes visiting the galleries in the mornings. The gallery has been mobbed, not only because of insistent plugging by *The New York Times*, though that must have contributed to the initial attendance. As everybody knows by now i

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a compressed crazy-house view of Manhattan Island, a walk-in environment featuring a subway train, Wall Street, the Woolworth Tower, a porno bookstore and other wonders. Some bits are perfunctory, some lavishly detailed: Wall Street, the Woolworth Tower (the gilded foyer is a telephone-booth-sized space entered via a revolving door with figures on the other side), and the Lexington local are especially good, incisive as well as rambling.

Why is it so popular? It is jammed with familiar types and objects and the pleasures of recognition are a part of it. Grooms has always had leanings to vaudeville, though never on this scale before. His good humor is insistent but not vacuous. He doesn't pretend that New York is amiable, but he is not a reformist. The monstrous characters in the subway are viewed neither scathingly nor with pity. Grooms's attitude is that of head-scratching witness of the human comedy. The nightmare is embraced for its gee-whiz oddity and vitality. There is also the fact that the technique and materials are often individually cheap and easy, which arouses our memories of Halloween exploits or school plays, when we all made, and got away with, slurpy sculpture. In Grooms, therefore, a notion of carnival includes both the hectic profusion of caricatured imagery and accessible forms of improvisation. The puppet figures and their ramshackle environment, definitely Rube Goldberg in its making-do, are authenticated by the process of their making. There is a singular knack for creating Americana in Grooms, of the hectic, fat city, bigger-than-yours, nonpastoral type.

There is a memorial show for Bette Lang at the Bowery Gallery (135 Greene Street) through May. She died recently in her 30s and her friends have prepared this tribute to an abruptly ended life. She was part of an expressionistic realism that has been seen only in downtown galleries, especially in co-ops like the Bowery, Prince Street and First Street. It is an art careless of and resistant to the history of modern art as it is now written. In Lang's case, for example, there are certainly signs of Matisse's influence in the bright color-patterning, but her refusal of grace is not like Matisse; her roughness is closer to the expressionists of north Germany, such as Ernst Kirchner. Her linear forms have the splintery look of Die Brucke rather than a French elaboration or a Bavarian smoothness. All her works are small, resisting large scale as if it would have been sinful ostentation. Her best work was done as a result of a visit to Spain, where she made drawings and paintings of the spacious but flat-patterned, abundant but cool spaces of the Alhambra. The Moorish palace gave her agitated hand its matching subject: its ornamentation became her darting brushwork. Her always fresh sense of color and the intensity of her Spanish period show that the loss felt by her friends can be shared by anyone interested in painting.

PAINTER

(Translated from the Estonian by Henry Lyman)

I cherish rusted color
more than colored gold.
Fine, dry contours
make things mild.

I veil even the dry glow
of blood in this arid mind—
my brushstrokes radiantly dry,
dry as dust the dimming line.

O but never ask me why
birds
never sing
at sea.

Aleksis Rannit

There are two Agnes Martin shows in New York through May, ten paintings of last year at the Pace Gallery (through May 29) and as many again at the Elkon Gallery (through June 2) painted between 1961 and 1967. The new pieces, all 6 feet square, are untitled whereas the earlier have such titles as "Grey Stone," "Night Sea," "Joy," "The Song," "Orange Grove," "Rome" and "Trumpet." Both groups consist of highly systematic formal elements, the former bestirred by the associative potential signaled by the titles, the latter refusing names. All the paintings are grids, a central square made of dots, an allover clenched field of tiny squares, or blue rectangles vibrating like a heat haze. Even if we are ignorant of their titles the earlier Martins are solicitations to reflect: the compulsive alignment of dots of paint or of ruled lines has a piety which sober but radiant color celebrates.

The new paintings are of vertical bars that span the surface completely, either in two pinks or pink and blue. The pale but firm colors are paralleled by ruled pencil lines at their boundaries that stop just short of the top and bottom of the paintings. The color completes the crossing of the surface but the line does not; it floats there or whatever a line can be said to do. Frugal but decisive detailing of this sort is crucial to Martin's art. The new paintings, poised and delicate as they are, however, do not seem the equal of her earlier work: the color is subtle but the surface of the paintings is slightly anesthetized compared to the granular canvases and linear intensity of the 1960s. Martin, though she emerged as an artist later, is of the generation of the Abstract Expressionists, of a generation, that is, to whom subject matter was decisive. Her tendency to lyricize nature-experience is attenuated in the new paintings; they may be purer than before but they feel thinner.

Starting last December a small publication has been available, free, in uptown galleries, the *57th Street Review*. It ranges from 12 to 32 pages in length and is devoted to reviews of midtown galleries. The editor and publisher is Jock Truman who works with Betty Parsons (and will open his own gallery next fall). At first it appears to have no ads; then you realize it is all ads. Truman has commented that there is a dearth of good reviewing of the exhibitions that he and other dealers put on month after month, and his publication is to help remedy this. In the art magazines, editors have considerable difficulty in finding new writers, or say they do, especially writers who are not bigoted (they call it committed). Another problem is the constraints placed on new writers by editors who, because of ideology (possibly unconscious) and advertising (definitely conscious), favor some directions and frown on others. Altogether artists do not get much in the way of enlightened written response when they have exhibitions. Thus I appreciate Truman's recognition of the problem, but not the form of his solution.

Let's sample the reviews. One writer

Book Publishing

Manuscripts invited for prompt review and terms of publication. All subjects. Professional editing, design, production and marketing since 1920. Send inquiry or manuscript, or call (215) 473-5250. Ask for free *Author's Guide* BZ.

DORRANCE & COMPANY
35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, Pa. 19003

SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

Get The Nation every week

☐ 1 year (47 issues) $17.50
☐ 2 years (94 issues) $30.00
☐ Check enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NATION
333 Sixth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10014

5-29-76

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

compares Georges Noel (Pace Gallery) to Mondrian, Albers and Reinhardt on the basis of their all using square canvases. Pleasant company for Noel. And another writer raises the stakes for Ruth Vollmer (Parsons Gallery) in a comparable way: "Like Poussin's landscapes in which symmetry and order prevail. . . Vollmer's geometric sculpture clarifies for us the fundamental structure of nature." Power Boothe's paintings (Sachs Gallery), it is suggested, "could perhaps be likened to an organism that grows microscopically according to the code of its species." Thus the clichés of promotion and the platitudes of unverifiable praise, all those tawdry devices of yesterday's reviewers, pile up. It is not that Truman wanted something better; it is just that he wanted praise, any praise, for his artists (and there is a flagrant overemphasis on his own and Betty Parsons's artists throughout the *Review*). Too bad: another channel for art criticism would be very welcome. □

Buy it or sell it through
The Nation *Classifieds.*

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHERS—ADMINISTRATORS. *Current school, college openings list in U.S. $5.95. Abroad $5.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95. Foreign $4.95.* **ENIS, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

REAL ESTATE

MAINE, 27 ACRES, near Rumford. Wooded, stream frontage. Gravel Town Road, $8200. **Box 135, Windsor, Conn. 06095.**

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS—the national dating service for the intelligentsia of all ages. **Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.**

Buy Your Books
through THE **NATION**

Buy your hardback books through The Nation *at regular retail prices. We'll send them to you—postage free. Books of all U.S. publishers available—no paperbacks. Payment must accompany order. When ordering, give title, author, and—if possible—the publisher. Send to* The Nation Reader's Service Division, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

FILMS/Robert Hatch

Brando and Nicholson on the same screen! It must have struck the publicity minds at United Artists as the coup of the decade. Pit the old bear against the young fox and the citizens will storm the arena crying for blood. In their infatuation with this idea, however, the proprietors neglected to supply any reason other than box-office glamour for the enterprise. *The Missouri Breaks*, script by Thomas McGuane, is a picture of which it might be said that they shouldn't make 'em like that anymore. Arthur Penn is a canny director, and he has taken a lot of pains and spent a lot of money to build intriguing sets and photograph exuberant scenery; his timing is lively and his bit parts are raffish. But virtuoso actors like Brando and Nicholson get out of hand when the material runs thin. Brando gets almost completely out of hand.

The Missouri Breaks (named for a rough section of the river in northern Montana) is a "mature" Western; i.e., it is spiced with enough casual sex to earn it an interesting rating and contains no single character whom you would want your son or daughter to emulate. Its plot is the one about the livestock detective who is hired by the rich rancher to bring a band of rustlers to heel (we had it a few months back in *Rancho Deluxe*, also written by McGuane, with Slim Pickens playing the exceedingly cute manhunter). In this case, the services of the notorious Lee Clayton (Brando) hardly seem needed, since the outlaws, led by one Tom Logan (Nicholson) are both chuckleheaded and highly conspicuous. At one point, being somewhat down on their luck, they decide that three of them shall ride north and steal a string of horses from a headquarters of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. Typically, they fail to get *all* the horses, and the venture turns out badly, though the mountains and rushing streams are pleasant.

However, having been called for, Old Father Marlon does everything but balance eels on his nose to make the occasion lively. He arrives at his employer's ranch hanging so far over on the far side of his horse as to make the beast seem riderless—an interesting trick, but unnecessary, since he is not approaching an encampent of hostile Indians. (That's one of the troubles with the picture—it is a compendium of unnecessary tricks.) Clayton speaks a stage Irish of the sort not favored by the Abbey Players, and uses it to talk a great deal of foolishness. He wears a variety of garments that look like heirloom costumes from a Buffalo Bill show (in one scene, for reasons that escape me, he is dressed as an old woman), and it appears that he is having an affair with his horse. This Clayton is not only a superb tracker (he seems supernaturally skillful, since we never see how he does it), but can also cut a rope with a revolver bullet at twenty paces, impale a hare with a curious four-bladed throwing iron while riding at full gallop and drill a man in the back with a rifle at some absurd distance like half a mile. He thus disposes of one rustler while the man is copulating with a homesteader's wife, the couple being displayed in moonlight against a cabin wall. With another bullet, carrying the impact of a light artillery shell, he blows a second rustler right out of a privy. Clayton obviously loves his work; indeed, he is a homicidal maniac who devises nasty ways to eliminate malefactors whom he could readily handcuff and ride into town. All in all, a pretty absurd character, and hardly suited to Brando's years and talents.

Nor is Clayton the only lunatic in the film. The wealthy rancher (John McLiam) is a bookish gentleman who talks like Judge Lynch and fancies himself the scourge of God on the Great Plains. His daughter (Kathleen Lloyd), driven to distraction by her father's alacrity with a noose and deprived of a proper social life, is a healthy outdoors nymphomaniac, given to making astonishing remarks to young men she scarcely knows. She makes them to Tom Logan, with predictable results (observed by Clayton who, by good luck, is perched in a tree with a pair of binoculars).

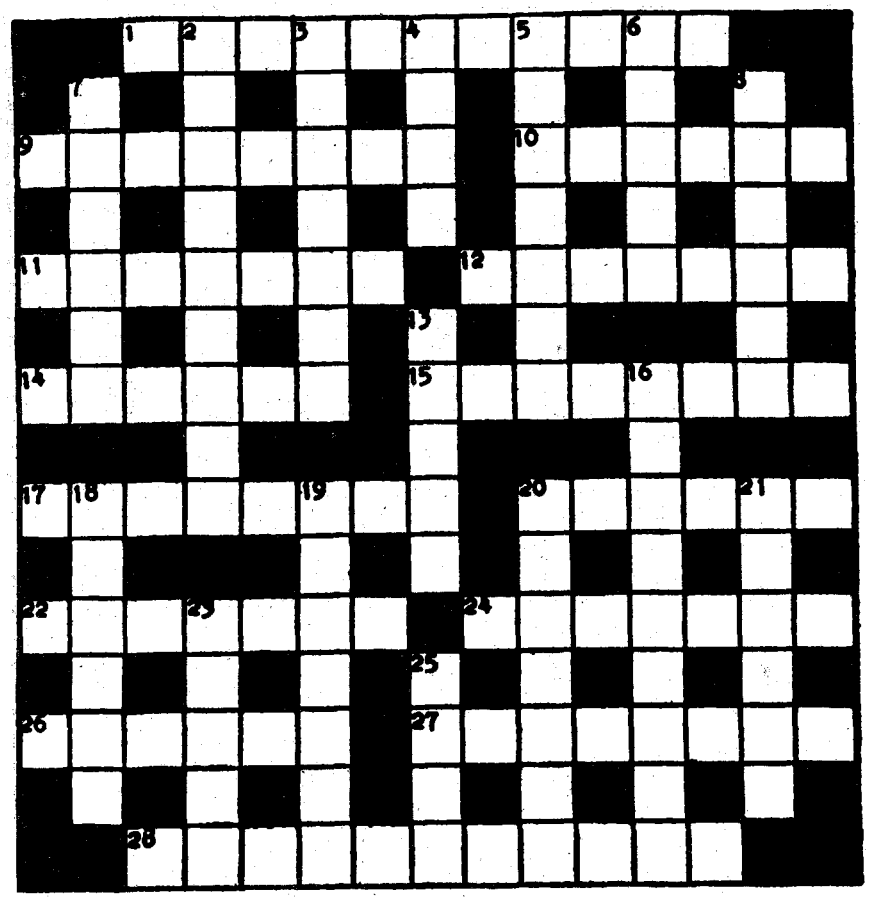
In this company of loons, Nicholson's Logan is restfully sane, but for the same reason rather unexciting. With nothing much to do except mourn for the souls of his rapidly expiring fellow desperados attend to the needs of the young lady, and brood over how he is to dispatch Clayton he allows himself to become disheveled to a degree unusual even for a Nicholson character. He passes up one opportunity to shoot Clayton when the latter is reclining in a perfumed bath, since that would not be sporting, but in the end cuts his throat while he is asleep, which also is not the sort of thing Tom Mix would have done. How Logan manages to find and creep up on Clayton for this final slaughter is not explained, but then *The Missouri Breaks* is a picture that explains very little—including why anyone thought it a work that demanded to be made. Except, of course, to agitate a gullible public with the promise of the Brando-Nicholson match of the century. □

A gift subscription to The Nation *costs $7.50 for 21 issues.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1634

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 9 Is Adam unique, like me? (5,6,8)
10 Making up the ads for a statistical complement of 26. (6)
11 Re piano composition for a certain type of concert? (4-3)
12 See 25 down
14 It won't, if shortly expected to fit in. (6)
15 A possible exclamation of Crusoe, on seeing evidence of Friday showing places for cover. (8)
17 Holmes wanted them more stately, with a person's getting something charged. (8)
20 Fish sort of came first, to be very solicitous. (6)
22 One on the house, musically speaking? (Or in the pit?) (7)
24 It's easy to get to China from here. (7)
26 Vitally connected with 10, one hears they might be a lot of bunk! (6)
27 Sex aberration is about enough, they might point out. (7)
28 As restaurant-goers might arrive by request of the chairman? (4,2,5)

DOWN

2 In no guise, however contrived, to be clever. (9)
3 If you can get this, you must be! (7)
4 and 16 down Unvarnished description of the Foolish Virgin? (4,3,6)
5 Early patriots might have thought one a comer. (7)
6 Such as a Bohemian circle in an uprising? Well, not exactly circles! (5)
7 On the surface it's a ruffling, though very quiet in anger. (6)
8 Perhaps flinch from what some people call their kind of doctor. (6)
13 Old-fashioned quiet game? (5)
16 See 4 down
18 Bail is provided for them, perhaps, if they don't stand up. (6)
19 The place of a Bishop is to look after things. (7)
20 Cat's head on a freak of nature? Man's head, rather. (7)
21 Safe place, or the key to it? (6)
23 Mark this, and do shortly for it. (5)
25 and 12 across Leander-like fanaticism. (4,7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1633

ACROSS: 1 and 12 Professional pride; 10 Ominous; 11 Plateau; 13 Autocrats; 14 Eagle's nest; 16 Odor; 18 Sept; 20 Edward Lear; 23 Directing; 25 Imply; 26 Idiotic; 27 Rhizome; 28 Second degree. DOWN: 2 and 19 Raiding parties; 3 Flowered; 4 Sustained; 5 Input; 6 Nuance; 7 Leeward; 8 Compressed air; 9 Nursery rhymes; 15 Staggered; 17 Advising; 21 Explode; 22 Acetic; 24 Incan.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

classified

ADVERTISING RATES

Classified: $1.48/line (6 words), 3-line min.
Classified Display: $14.84 per inch (min.)
The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. 10014
(212) 242-8400

RECORDS

FREE! AMERICA'S LARGEST CLASSICAL CATALOG. Over 2,000 New Stereo Recordings. Renaissance, Medieval, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Highest quality! Budget Label prices! Available only by mail. **MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932NA, New York, N.Y. 10023.**

RESORTS

VACATION NOW

ESCAPE to this lovely 200-acre "Hide-away." A "Shangri-la" setting in a friendly, informal atmosphere. Season's Sports, Superb Jewish-American Food. Deluxe accomd . . . everything to help you "get away from it all."

VINEYARD LODGE **IDEAL ADULT RESORT**
Ulster Park 7, N. Y. 12487 **Free Booklet (914) 338-1240**

TROLLHAUGEN FARM, NEWFANE, VT. 05345. Comfortable wkly/mthly rentals. Charming country Inn, cap. 14. All included. Economy vacations family, groups. **Tel: 802-365-7635.**

PUBLICATIONS

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives **MARXIST** viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial subscription, $1.00. **GUARDIAN, Dept. N, 33 West 17th Street, New York City 10011. (Full year $12.50, student $7.50).**

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES

By Frank Lewis

Unique collection of wit-warpers of Books 1, 2 and 3. Send $4.25 (postage prepaid) to:

E. S. LEWIS
642 Elm Street
New Haven, Conn. 06511

NATION READERS: DESPAIRINGLY, YOU ALTERNATELY SUPPORT CAPITALIST-PLEDGED REPUBLICAN-DEMOCRAT POLITICIANS. RESULT? Continuing Inflation, Unemployment, Bankruptcy! **SOLUTION? SOCIALISM!** What? Why? How? Read **"CRISES IN CAPITALISM," 75¢.** SUBSCRIBE to **THE SOCIALIST REPUBLIC,** 6 issues depreciating $3.00. Write the new **LEAGUE FOR SOCIALIST RECONSTRUCTION, Box 80-N, New York City 10010. Hurry!**

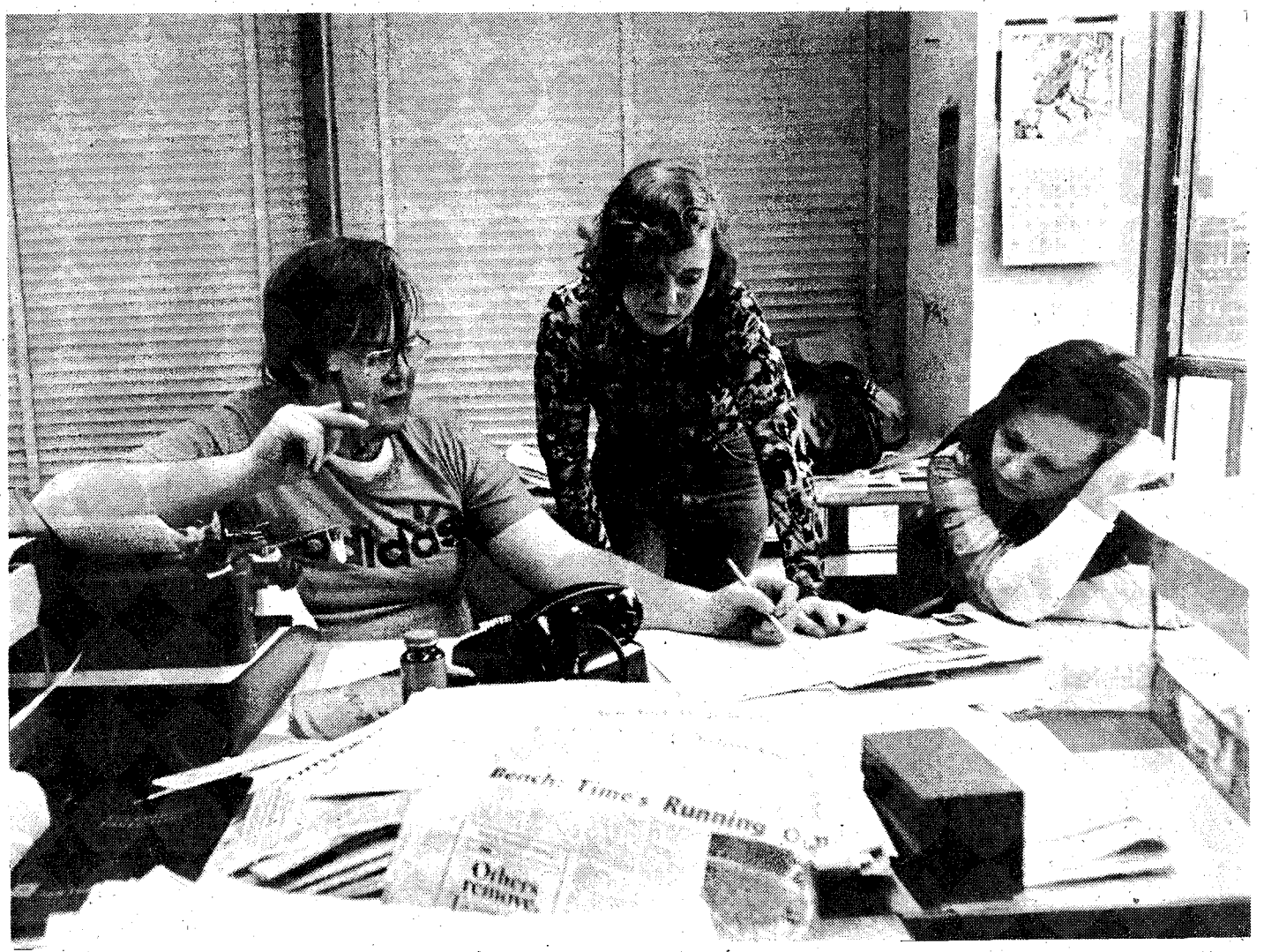
'THE PRESS AND THE BAY OF PIGS'

A detailed study by
Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon

Single copies—15c; 25 copies at 10c each
Orders over 25 at 7c per copy

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Editorial office of Washington Square News, N.Y.U. Editor-in-Chief Stephen Meisner and two reporters. Photo by Peter Ross Magnan

Endow A College Newspaper

Endow an editorial staff with a clear analysis of political, social, and cultural events. It is especially important in these confused and confusing times for young people to know that someone out there combines clear analysis with a moral view—against injustice and violence. The Nation stands for both—and, as America's oldest weekly, it has been doing so consistently since 1865. We'd like you to join with us in an effort to have every college newspaper in the country receive The Nation every week. At a special reduced price of $10.00, you can endow a college newspaper with a one-year subscription to The Nation. You will be doing something good if you do it now.

Endowment

I would like to endow a college newspaper with a one-year subscription to The Nation. My check for $10.00 is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014 5-29-76

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED